



THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX
OR
THE COMING WOMAN

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THE

SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX;

OR,

THE COMING WOMAN,

A PROPHETIC DRAMA,

FOLLOWED BY

A CHANGE OF BASE,

AND

DOCTOR MONDSCHEIN.

*The Drama (Wormley) Curtis and Daniel
Sargent Curtis*



BOSTON:
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.
1868.

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THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX;

OR,

THE COMING WOMAN,

A PROPHETIC DRAMA.

N O T E.

THIS play was not written for the stage, nor with any view to publication, but simply for amateur performance ; and therefore all scenery, stage-properties, &c., were purposely dispensed with, and the action limited by the resources of a drawing-room.

The other little pieces were written two years ago, with the same object, and under the same restrictions.

CHESTNUT HILL, March, 1868.

CHARACTERS.

TOM CARBERRY.

MR. WIGFALL.

WOLVERINE GRIFFIN.

MRS. BADGER.

VICTORINE.

THE JUDGE.

The supposed period of this play is the year 1876.

THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Waiting-room in a Railway Station; hung with Time Tables for 1876 of Pacific Railroad, direct route to Alaska, Walrussia, and Nootka Sound, &c. &c.
—Enter Carberry.

CARBERRY.

Provoking ! to wait here an hour when I 'm in a hurry to get back to Boston ! I arrived from China yesterday, after ten years' absence,—took the first train,—and just as I am almost in sight of the State House, the engine breaks down here at Newton Corner ! — However, I must make the best of it. . . . Luckily I have this morning's paper. (*Lights a cigar, and takes out a newspaper.*) “*Boston Daily Advertiser, September 25, 1876.*” It is incredible that I have lived ten years without the “Daily” ! I have heard nothing about Boston since I left it, so I suppose I shall find some changes. I wonder who the Bank Presidents are now. (*Reads.*) “*MERCHANTS’ INSURANCE COMPANY,*—President, Julia Backbay.” *Julia?* Misprint, I suppose. “*FIREWOMEN’S INSURANCE COMPANY*.”

Pshaw ! what a careless compositor ! (Reads.) “Wanted, as Porter in a store, a good, stout WIDOW-WOMAN.” What a very extraordinary thing ! (Reads.) “The Freemasons’ secret divulged by a lady.” Some fool told his wife, I suppose. (Reads.) “The Boston Independent Cadets paraded yesterday on the Common. A new feature was the introduction of the Parasol-Bayonet to shield the complexions of our fair and gallant Militia from the sun. The parasol is of blue silk, attached to the point of the Bayonet, and the effect on the march is exceedingly neat and imposing.” I never heard anything equal to that ! Soldiers with sunshades ! One would think they were a parcel of girls ! It’s time for another war.

Enter MRS. BADGER in Bloomer costume. She nods ; CARBERRY bows politely.

MRS. BADGER.

How are you, sir ? Cigar, please.

CARBERRY.

Madam, I’m sorry you object to smoking, but I took this for the gentlemen’s waiting-room.

MRS. BADGER.

Object ? What do you mean ? I want a light.

CARBERRY.

Oh, I beg your pardon. I was not aware.
(Aside.) Queer-looking female !

[Gives her a light and returns to his paper. MRS. BADGER also takes out a newspaper.

MRS. BADGER.

Bad accident to the "Amazon," sir.

CARBERRY.

What's that?

MRS. BADGER.

Portland Steamer,—Captain a particular friend of mine,—Jane Smith,—lost her reckoning, and ran aground on Cape Cod. Jane always *was* a hen-headed thing!

CARBERRY.

I don't think I quite understand you.

MRS. BADGER (*reading*).

But the "Transcript" says, "*No blame attached to the lady-like Captain, who was suffering under a severe attack of neuralgia. At the time of the accident our informant was talking to the woman at the wheel.*" . . . Ah! that was the trouble.

CARBERRY (*aside*).

I don't know what she means. (*A pause.*)

MRS. BADGER.

Bad business that of the Boston City Government. It has all come out, you know,—Shameful misappropriation of the public money!

CARBERRY.

What did they do?

MRS. BADGER.

Voted themselves each a Cashmere shawl, worth a thousand dollars. Tax-payers must see to it at the next election.

CARBERRY.

What on earth should the City Government do with Cashmere shawls ?

MRS. BADGER.

Do ? wear them, of course. (*Reads her newspaper.*)

CARBERRY (*aside*).

They must look very ridiculous ! Middle-aged men in fancy shawls ! Dear me ! I hope it is n't the fashion here for everybody. I should feel like a fool.

MRS. BADGER.

We manage these things better at the Centre. No bribery and corruption there.

CARBERRY.

What centre ? Washington ?

MRS. BADGER.

Newton Centre, Stupid.

CARBERRY.

Oh, I beg your pardon. (*A pause.*)

MRS. BADGER.

Going to Boston, sir ?

CARBERRY.

Yes, madam. I am returning after an absence of several years.

MRS. BADGER.

Going to live in Boston, sir ?

CARBERRY (*aside*).

Inquisitive ! (*Aloud*) No, madam, I am only going to see some old friends. After that, I shall live in the country.

MRS. BADGER.

Where ?

CARBERRY.

At Chestnut Hill, if you must know.

MRS. BADGER.

Chestnut Hill ! — that 's in my district. — I 'm your assessor.

CARBERRY.

I beg your pardon ?

MRS. BADGER.

What 's your name ?

CARBERRY.

Thomas Carberry, if you desire it.

MRS. BADGER (*taking out a note-book*).

What 's your income ?

CARBERRY.

Madam !

MRS. BADGER.

Professional, or derived from property ?

CARBERRY.

Excuse me, madam, if I question your right to ask me.

MRS. BADGER.

Right ! of course I 've a right. What 's your income ?

CARBERRY.

I decline to answer.

MRS. BADGER.

O, you must, you know, — the law compels you.

CARBERRY (*aside*).

This woman is certainly deranged.

MRS. BADGER.

You 'll be fined or imprisoned if you refuse to answer my questions.

CARBERRY (*aside*).

She 's mad, — I see it in her eye, — unpleasant to be shut up with her here.

A VOICE (*without*).

Cars coming for Worcester ! (*Bell rings.*)

MRS. BADGER.

That 's my train. I 'm off to the Convention.

Good bye. I'll see you again about it, Carberry,
— there 's my card.

[Exit.]

CARBERRY (*reading the card*).

"*Mrs. Barbara Badger, — Newton. Assessor of Internal Revenue for the 5th District.*" — Singular delusion for a woman. . . . She certainly must have been crazy, and yet . . . I can't explain these extraordinary things in the newspapers. . . . Here they all are in black and white, and I can't understand a word of them. . . . Good Heavens! what if I were a little out of my head myself? . . . an effect of the voyage. . . . I have heard of such things. . . .

(Walks up and down in great agitation, — feels his own pulse, — goes to the other end of Waiting-room.)

Enter VICTORINE WIGFALL *in a shooting-dress, with gun, game-bag, &c.*

VICTORINE.

O ! how tired I am ! Tramping all the morning through bogs and briars, carrying this horrid gun, — and I 'm afraid of it too !

CARBERRY (*coming forward*).

Pray let me relieve you of it, madam. (Taking it.)

VICTORINE.

Oh, thanks. I 've been dragging it about since sunrise, because some of my friends persuaded me it was good fun. But I think it 's a downright humbug, and I 'll never do it again.

CARBERRY.

Is it not something new for ladies to indulge in field sports?

VICTORINE.

New? Oh no; all the girls do.

CARBERRY (*putting down the gun and seeing her name on it*).

"*Victorine Wigfall!*" Why, it must be Joe Wigfall's daughter! Allow me to introduce myself an old friend of your father's Mr. Carberry.

VICTORINE.

Oh yes, indeed,—papa will be delighted. He often talks of you. You have been in some out-of-the-way place, have n't you?

CARBERRY.

In China.

VICTORINE.

Are there many curious spiders in China?

CARBERRY.

Spiders?

VICTORINE.

Yes. I 'm passionately fond of spiders . . . are you? I 've got a beauty here. I found him this morning for my collection. (*Opens a box and produces a large black spider.*) Is n't he lovely?

CARBERRY (*recoiling*).

Ugh!

VICTORINE.

He 's an *Epeira Diadema*. Do you want to take him? No? Why, are you afraid of spiders?

CARBERRY.

I thought ladies were. I 'm quite surprised to find a young lady interested in insects.

VICTORINE (*wearily*).

One must be interested in something, you know,—and, to tell you the honest truth, horse-racing and dog-fighting bore me, and I 'm not much of a club-girl, and no sportswoman,—so I 've gone into spiders.

CARBERRY (*aside*).

There 's something very odd about all this (*Aloud.*) When I was here last, young ladies interested themselves chiefly in society. Is there no gaiety in Boston now?

VICTORINE.

Parties, you mean? I really can't tell you: I 've hardly been to a party since my Sophomore year. I don't like them. It is so unpleasant asking gentlemen to dance they make such a favour of it, and the nicest ones are engaged ten deep. And then they always want so much supper! Really, after I 've done helping my partner, I 'm *so* tired, that when I get home I 've

hardly strength to turn the latch-key. So I don't often go. . . . And yet I'm fond of dancing too. . . . Are you?

CARBERRY.

I have no doubt I *should* be, with such a charming partner,—but I'm afraid I have n't much experience.

VICTORINE.

Oh, does n't your father let you dance round dances?

CARBERRY (*puzzled*).

My father?

VICTORINE.

Why, that's what so many young men say. But I think it is only an excuse, because they are too lazy.

CARBERRY.

Society seems to have changed very much, for, when I left Boston, the gentlemen always asked the ladies.

VICTORINE.

Oh, can you remember as far back as *that*? I think it must have been pleasanter then for the girls,—but mamma and Aunt Wolverine say I don't appreciate the blessings of emancipation. I *don't*. I should hate to vote . . . and I'd a great deal rather keep quiet, and *be* asked to dance, or to . . . anything.

CARBERRY.

Miss Wigfall, such sentiments do you honor. A lady is never so charming as when adorned with modesty, of which I see the emblem in your *violet* eyes.

VICTORINE.

How pretty! Is that the way gentlemen used to talk? Do go on.

CARBERRY (*aside*).

It's not so easy for a shy man to go on.

VICTORINE.

I don't know anything about the old ways, for mamma says lovers were frivolous, and won't tell me, and I don't believe Aunt Wolverine ever had any, so I can't get much out of *her*.

CARBERRY.

The novels of the period would perhaps give you some idea.

VICTORINE.

But all the old novels were burnt, you know, by order of the Ladies of the Legislature, because they represented Woman in her degraded state. They say there used to be a few at Loring's Library once, but he only keeps philosophical and scientific works now, and *Mr. Putnam's* Cookery Book.

CARBERRY.

Do you mean to say you never read a novel?

VICTORINE.

Only "The Imperial Votress" and "The Maid of Saragossa."

CARBERRY.

No novels! no parties! No poetry, perhaps,—that would be a good thing. Miss Wigfall, did you never hear of Tennyson?

VICTORINE.

O yes, indeed! I have a beautiful song of his,— "*Come into the garden, George.*" I'll sing it to you some day. But now *do* tell me about old times,— for the train may be here any moment, and perhaps I shall never have another chance. I want to know whether gentlemen really cared anything for ladies then?

CARBERRY.

Certainly, I knew a great many fellows who were over head and ears in love with pretty girls.

VICTORINE.

In love! There! I knew there *was* such a thing! And what did they do and say?

CARBERRY (*aside*).

What an embarrassing girl! (*Aloud.*) I dare say you know from experience, Miss Wigfall.

VICTORINE.

I!—no, indeed,—I never made an offer to anybody.

✓

CARBERRY.

You! Of course not. What did you think I meant?

VICTORINE.

Were you ever in love yourself?

CARBERRY.

Never, *never*, I assure you.

VICTORINE.

Oh, I wish you had been, for then you could have told me all about it. . . . But “those fellows” you spoke of, who were “over head and ears,”—what did they say? I only want to know what it sounded like. . . . Can’t you *sigh*?—just once! . . .

CARBERRY (*very much embarrassed*).

Really, Miss Wigfall. . . .

VICTORINE.

Were they so very awkward? Come now,—what *did* they say?

CARBERRY.

Well, then . . . they said . . . they said . . .

A VOICE (*without*).

Train starting for Boston—All aboard!

[VICTORINE and CARBERRY *snatch up guns, bags, shawls, and rush out*.

ACT II.

Drawing-room in Mr. Wigfall's house in Boston. Mr. Wigfall sitting with a large work-basket, trying to darn his own stockings.

Enter CARBERRY.

CARBERRY.

WIGFALL, old fellow, I am delighted to see you again.

MR. WIGFALL (*not recognizing*).

Whom have I the honour, sir, to see?

CARBERRY (*aside, looking at the stockings*).

What on earth is he about there? can he have gone mad like the rest? (*Aloud.*) So you don't know Tom Carberry after ten years?

MR. WIGFALL.

Tom! my dear fellow,—where? when? how?

CARBERRY.

From Shanghae,—a sudden idea,—arrived yesterday,—took the first train, and here I am. I met your lovely girl, what's her name? Glycine—Bandoline—Kerosene—Victorine! at the Railway station,—did n't she tell you?

MR. WIGFALL.

I have n't seen her. She dined at the Club, I believe.

CARBERRY.

Indeed ! And how is your wife,—charming as ever ? — the only woman I was never afraid of.

MR. WIGFALL.

Ah, my dear fellow,—don't speak of her.

CARBERRY.

Why, you have n't had the misfortune to lose poor Susan ?

MR. WIGFALL.

No ; no such good — no such *bad* luck. She's well in health, but

CARBERRY.

It is n't her mind, I hope ?

MR. WIGFALL.

Yes, Tom, it's her mind, though not in the way you mean.

CARBERRY.

You have n't separated, surely ?

MR. WIGFALL.

Oh, not at all,—though I don't see much of her now. (*Cries of a baby heard.*) Excuse me, Tom, I must run,—there's that strong-minded baby !

CARBERRY.

You ? Why, where's the nurse ?

MR. WIGFALL.

The nurse has gone to a primary meeting !

[*Exit.*]

CARBERRY.

What on earth can he mean ?

Re-enter MR. WIGFALL, carrying the baby, and singing "Bye, Baby Bunting."

MR. WIGFALL.

Hush . . . sh. . . . She 's going off I 'll be with you presently. (*Puts the baby in a cradle at the back of the room.*) I keep her cradle down here, lately, because it is election time, you know, and the women can't attend to her.

CARBERRY.

Wigfall, one of us two is either drunk or crazy, — and I 'm afraid it 's I. *What do you mean by nursery-maids and elections ?*

MR. WIGFALL.

Did n't you know the ladies had gone to the front in America ?

CARBERRY.

I 'll be hanged if I understand you.

MR. WIGFALL.

Did n't you read our papers out there in Shang-hae ?

CARBERRY.

Never ; nothing they said was true when they got there.

MR. WIGFALL.

My dear fellow, you're behind the age. You went away in '66, before this infernal business of women's voting came up. That was the beginning of it all. At first they voted for their favourite generals and ministers,—they got that idea from the Fairs they used to have in the war-time,—but they soon gave *them* up, and began to elect each other. And now we are overrun by them. They're lawyers, ministers, tax-gatherers,—everything that's disagreeable!

CARBERRY.

How appalling!—I can't comprehend it, for when I went away, the trouble was, that the women were entirely given up to extravagant dressing.

MR. WIGFALL.

I know,—but times are changed. Then we lived under a Millinery Despotism. I wish we had it back!

CARBERRY.

We used to complain a good deal about it, I remember.

MR. WIGFALL.

Tom, the present state of things is a judgment on us,—we did not know when we were well off. Now the Ballot-box has crushed the Band-box flat.

CARBERRY.

You don't mean to say women no longer care how they look?

MR. WIGFALL.

Well,—not quite that,—even my wife tries to get herself up like the Lord Chancellor,—but it's nothing to what it used to be. It's cheaper now,—but still, I regret old times, when women were women.

MISS GRIFFIN (*speaking to the servant behind the scenes*).

Now, Bridget, be sure you vote the way I tell you to, and persuade all your friends, and I'll give you a pair of real imitation gold ear-rings.

MR. WIGFALL.

Hang it, here's my sister-in-law! She's the worst one I know.

Enter Miss Griffin.

MISS GRIFFIN.

Joseph, I've come to stay till Saturday, as I speak on Thursday in Faneuil Hall.

MR. WIGFALL (*introducing*).

Let me introduce Mr. Carberry, of Shanghae,—Miss Wolverine Griffin, Selectwoman of Newton, Mass.

MISS GRIFFIN.

Happy to see you, sir. I've just got back from Worcester, Joseph. Great rally. All the distinguished women of the State were there.

CARBERRY.

Was it a baby-show?

MISS GRIFFIN (*indignantly*).

✓

A baby-show! Sir, it was the Female Areopagus of the Modern Athens. Heard the news, Joseph? Glorious nomination!

MR. WIGFALL.

No,—not I. Gentlemen don't understand politics.

MISS GRIFFIN.

But you should *try* to, Joseph, if they interest your wife and your sister. Overwhelming majority for Hon. Charleyanna P. Fillebrown for Governess of the State. But nine against her, and they were only men. You'll support her, won't you, Joseph?

MR. WIGFALL.

It's as much as I can do to support myself. I sha' n't make any promises.

MISS GRIFFIN.

You want some man, I suppose! As if we had n't had enough of them!

MR. WIGFALL.

By no means, my dear Wolverine. I am only disappointed that they did n't nominate *you*.

MISS GRIFFIN.

Well, you need n't flatter yourself that it's of the slightest consequence how you vote,—for Sister Susan, and I, and Bridget, and the cook, and the parlour-maid, will make five to one against you in *this* house alone. But I can't waste my val-

able time arguing with you, Joseph,—one might as well talk to the winds. Men have such frivolous minds,—they don't care for anything but dress and company.—I don't mean you, Mr. Carberry ; I dare say you are an exception.

CARBERRY.

Everything seems to be exceptional, madam, so I suppose I am, too.

MISS GRIFFIN.

Pray, sir, what are Mrs. Carberry's political convictions ?

CARBERRY.

Madam, I have the misfortune to be unmarried.

MR. WIGFALL.

Stick to it, Tom,—stick to it !

[*Returns to his baby.*

MISS GRIFFIN.

Unmarried ! That will never do. No doubt you feel the isolation of your lot,—unfitted as you are by nature to struggle with the rude world alone.

CARBERRY.

So far, I have got along pretty well, thank you, ma'am.

MISS GRIFFIN.

But now you feel the need of female guidance and support. I understand you perfectly. Leave it to me.

CARBERRY.

Madam, you are very kind, but I should n't think of troubling you with my affairs.

MISS GRIFFIN.

It is not the least trouble, I assure you. Am I not bound to help the weaker sex? I could find you a wife immediately. I know exactly what you want.

CARBERRY.

That's more than I do myself.

MISS GRIFFIN.

You want a guide, philosopher, and friend; so of course you would n't marry a baby. Then, as to mere wax-doll beauty, of course you don't care for *that*. You want a woman of majestic presence (*Drawing herself up*),—mind,—experience,—heart,—and, above all, *sound political principles*, which are the only sure foundation on which to erect the fabric of connubial bliss.

CARBERRY.

That's a new sort of foundation, is n't it?—like pile-driving,—are you quite sure it won't “slump”?

MISS GRIFFIN.

Oh, my dear sir, believe me, the *first thing* in choosing a wife is to ascertain her political principles. Be sure they are sound, and then go ahead. By the way, perhaps you would like to hear my little speech before the Areopagus, published this

morning in that admirable paper "The Revolver." (*Producing it.*) Not very long, you see. . . . thirteen columns and a half.

[CARBERRY and WIGFALL look at each other and groan.]

(Reads.) "The Hon. Wolverine Griffin then rose, and said: 'Fellow-Sisters. Woman now stands on the apex of the social Pyramid. Man is a mummy. The successful agitation of the Great Idea of Woman's Rights has worked results far transcending the fondest hopes of its originators. They demanded for Woman simple Equality with man, but Equality conceded, became the point upon which, resting the lever of her intellect, Woman has moved the world. She has succeeded where old Archimedes broke down. A hundred years ago it was thought a fine thing for a few American men to throw off the British Tyrant's yoke, — but that was a trifling achievement, compared to the new Revolution, in which twenty millions of ladies have thrown off *all* restraint, and now plant their victorious feet on the neck of the Male Oppressor! (*Immense cheering.*) Yes, fellow-sisters, the tocsin has sounded, the Great American Principle of Female Supremacy is spreading like wildfire, and the bloated old potentates of Europe shake on their rotten old thrones. (*Applause.*) Woman's pre-eminence is conspicuous in every department of literature and art. Poetesses, painteresses, sculptresses, triumphantly bear away the palm, — and all admit that as an oratress

she has never been surpassed. (*Cheers.*) A distinguished lady-antiquary has recently discovered that the immortal Shakespeare was a woman,— and this fact, while it settles the numerous controversies as to who and what he, or rather *she*, was, is confirmed beyond the possibility of doubt by the ample internal evidence contained in his, or rather *her*, immortal pages.

MR. WIGFALL.

Thanks,—don't tire yourself by reading any more.

MISS GRIFFIN.

How you interrupt, Joseph! Men never listen,—they always want to talk themselves! (*Resuming.*)

“‘Ancient Woman had immense opportunities, but unhappily she did not know it. Bowed to the earth as a sex, the few individuals who stood up were very conspicuous. Semiramis and Cleopatra both stood up in their day, and might have accomplished much, if they had kept clear of entangling alliances with men. Boadicea stood up, in her chariot (which by the way undoubtedly originated the idea of the modern mowing-machine, refuting those cavillers who assert that woman has invented nothing). Joan of Arc stood up in her day, in armour, *cap-a-pie*, and it worked well, till they made it too hot for her. Glancing rapidly at Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. John Milton, Christina of Sweden, Madame Roland, Joanna Southcote, and Mrs. Fry, who all stood up in their several departments,— I come down to modern

times, and close the list of Ante-Revolutionary Heroines with the illustrious name of Mrs. Bloomer,—the last of her sex who stood up entirely alone. She sowed the dragon's teeth which produced armed women from Cape Cod to Alaska. To-day *all* stand up, and notoriety is getting to be next to impossible."

That is only the commencement. But I must leave you now, as I am one of the committee appointed to take our Nominee by the hand,—otherwise I'd read you the whole. . . . Good bye.

[*Exit.*]

CARBERRY and MR. WIGFALL (*together*).

Thank Heaven !

MISS GRIFFIN (*returning*).

I forgot to say,—I am on the Finance Committee,—great need of funds for the campaign. We want to circulate portraits of Charleyanna P. Fillebrown all over the State. . . . No use asking *you*, Joseph ?

MR. WIGFALL.

Not the slightest,—but here is Mr. Carberry rolling in riches they call him the "China-Astor!"

CARBERRY (*aside to Wigfall*).

Confound you, Joe ! (*Aloud*). Madam, I never refuse a lady.

MISS GRIFFIN (*aside*).

Rolling in riches, and never refuses a lady,—

I'll make a note of that. (*Aloud, graciously.*) Shall I say \$500? . . . thank you. Perhaps you would like to give a little something towards the purchase of a steam fire-engine to be presented to Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands by her admirers in this city,— names of the subscribers to be elegantly engraved on the machine?

CARBERRY.

Excuse me, ma'am,—but I hope Her Majesty won't be put out, if I prefer objects less remote.

MISS GRIFFIN.

Ah, then perhaps you would rather subscribe to the new Statue, about to be erected in the Public Garden, after an original and comprehensive design by the gifted Miss Sculpin,—sometimes called the Phidias of the West. The group consists of a Colossal Bronze *Egg*, burnished like gold, which, cracking open, reveals Woman,—lovely Woman,—clad in complete armour, spreading her new-fledged wings. The inscription is simply "INCUBATED AT BOSTON." Imagine the effect at sunset! Could anything be finer!—Not to mention the *beautiful* bas-reliefs of myself and other great lady reformers, in bronze pantalettes, around the base.

CARBERRY.

Bronze? I should think brass might be more appropriate.

MISS GRIFFIN.

Ah ! my dear sir, *tin* is what we want. Shall I say \$ 300 ?

CARBERRY.

But, madam, I assure you I am wholly indifferent to

MISS GRIFFIN.

. . . . to money, in such a cause, — I knew that would be your characteristic reply. So I will say \$ 300. . . . Thank you. *Good evening !* good evening, Joseph.

[*Exit.*]

MR. WIGFALL (*solemnly*).

Are you aware, Carberry, of the awful fact, that there are *two hundred thousand* more women than men in Massachusetts alone ?

CARBERRY.

Oh, horrible, — most horrible !

MR. WIGFALL.

Yes, and every year it gets worse and worse, — all the children now are girls. I've seven myself. (*The baby cries.*) "Talk of the angel." — There's my youngest now. [Goes to the cradle and hushes the baby.]

Enter JUDGE WIGFALL in robes, ermine, and long powdered wig, with a brief in her hand.

CARBERRY (*astonished*).

Who can this be ? Joe !

MR. WIGFALL (*sitting down with the baby*).

Tom, this is Her Honour, Judge Wigfall, of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court. She's hen of the walk, now.

CARBERRY.

Good Heavens!

MR. WIGFALL.

My dear, do you recognize an old friend?

JUDGE (*to Carberry*).

Pardon me, sir, if I do not at once recall you.
In what case did you appear before me?

CARBERRY.

Case? Susan! Judge! Don't you remember
Tom Carberry?

JUDGE.

Carberry,—Carberry,—*versus* whom?

MR. WIGFALL.

Stuff and nonsense, my dear. . . . You recollect Tom,—went off to China ten years ago,—don't be a goose.

JUDGE.

Mr. Wigfall! Respect this Court!

MR. WIGFALL.

You can't have forgotten our cosy evenings together,—he and I smoking, and *you* darning the children's stockings.

JUDGE.

I remember nothing before I was called to the Bar.

MR. WIGFALL.

And that famous pigeon-pie you made us yourself the day we

JUDGE.

Mr. Wigfall! (*To CARBERRY.*) Sir, I dimly recall you now, and I welcome you back to this regenerated land.

CARBERRY (*bowing*).

And permit me to congratulate you on your singular elevation.

MR. WIGFALL (*rocking the cradle*).

Well, my dear, how was it to-day? — Plaintiff or defendant?

JUDGE.

Pardon me, Mr. Wigfall, if I decline to make my grave judicial duties a subject of merriment for you.

MR. WIGFALL.

How often did you change your mind to-day?

JUDGE.

Mr. Wigfall, I never change my mind.

MR. WIGFALL.

Oh, fie, fie! Judges should n't tell fibs. Did n't I go to hear you try your first case?

JUDGE.

I take no notice of idlers who hang round the Court-room.

MR. WIGFALL.

And did n't you first charge the jury to be sure and let the poor devil off,—and when they had been out ten minutes, did n't you send for them back, on second thoughts, and charge them all over again to convict him ?

JUDGE.

Mr. Wigfall, you cannot be expected to understand the intricacies of the law. During the interval you allude to, I was informed by Mrs. Attorney-General Talker that the prisoner in question had been a noted and violent opponent of the Emancipation of Women.

MR. WIGFALL.

And so that was your reason for having him convicted of forgery, eh ?

JUDGE.

Mr. Wigfall, Chief Justice Mansfield held that Judges should never give their reasons. Moreover, it is perfectly competent for me to change my mind without any reason,—and had I done so twenty years ago, in *your* case, Mr. Wigfall, it would have been a wise decision.

MR. WIGFALL.

From which I should never have appealed !

JUDGE.

Are you in one of the learned professions, Mr. Carberry?

CARBERRY.

No, madam, I am a tea-merchant.

JUDGE.

The Male mind, as a rule, is unfitted for the learned professions,—the law especially,—from its habit of jumping to conclusions. *We* are slow in forming a judgment, it is true,—but, once formed, it is unalterable. You agree with me, sir?

CARBERRY (*bowing*).

I should never think of differing from a lady.

JUDGE.

You mean that our opinions cannot fail to be correct, from the logical character of the Female mind?

CARBERRY.

Exactly, madam,—I have always observed it to be so.

[*During this conversation MR. WIGFALL is playing bo-peep with the baby.*

JUDGE.

At the same time, as one of a Conservative Judiciary, I shall always tolerate Man in his proper sphere, and never countenance (*Suddenly*

changing her tone.) Mr. Wigfall! I wish you'd take that child up stairs,— I can't hear myself speak.

MR. WIGFALL (*aside to CARBERRY*).

Come, Tom, let's go and sit in the nursery.

[*Exit MR. WIGFALL with the baby, followed by CARBERRY.*

JUDGE.

I say, I shall tolerate you in your proper sphere, and never countenance the popular doctrine of the complete Mental and Moral Inferiority of Man. I shall always be ready to guarantee your Equal Rights. (*Looks round and sees no one.*) Gone ! While I was speaking ! how extraordinary !

Enter VICTORINE.

VICTORINE.

Oh, where's Mr. Carberry, mamma ?

JUDGE.

He is up stairs with your father,— minding the baby. (*VICTORINE is going.*) Stop, my daughter. I wish to speak to you. (*Seating herself.*) Have you read your Blackstone to-day ?

VICTORINE.

Yes,— no,— well, some of it.

JUDGE.

And your Coke upon Littleton ?

VICTORINE.

Oh, I can't make head or tail of that nasty thing.

JUDGE (*mournfully*).

Victorine, you will break your mother's heart ! You have the finest opening of any girl in Boston, — and the best example, — and if you loved your Blackstone, and your Cruise's Digest, you might become, like me, the ornament of the Suffolk Bar. But who do you suppose would ever give *you* a brief ? You don't deserve to be my daughter, — and the end of it will be, you 'll have to marry, — you are not fit for anything better !

[*Bursting into tears.*

VICTORINE.

I don't want anything better !

JUDGE.

Because you have never risen above the level of girls before the Revolution. I give you up, and I shall centre all my hopes upon your sister Portia, — a child of great promise, — who *cries* for Cruise's Digest.

VICTORINE (*clapping her hands*).

Hurrah ! then I need n't be a lawyer, after all !

JUDGE.

But you must be provided for ; and, since you are too lazy for the Law, and too giddy for the Church, and too pretty for a Family Physician, —

I see but one resource.—What do you think of this Mr. Carberry?

VICTORINE.

I think he 's awfully jolly, mamma,—but do let me go!

JUDGE.

I wish you to give up calling me "Mamma." It is unsuited to my present dignity. I wear my robes of office in private life, on purpose to inspire respect. The Lord Chancellor Erskine (though a man) most pertinently says, "Supreme Judges should always be seen in grave and suitable habits of distinction, to point out their stations, and continue the reverence inspired by their dignified appearance when administering the laws."—But to return to Mr. Carberry.—If I were you, Victorine, I should propose to him, immediately.

VICTORINE.

Oh, mamma . . . Your Honour, I mean . . .
I could n't, possibly. . . .

JUDGE.

Why not? They say he has made a large fortune.

VICTORINE.

Oh, I could n't, indeed. . . . I should die of mortification.

JUDGE.

Well, my daughter, if you don't secure him, he will certainly be snapped up by some of those manœuvring fathers, who are always on the look-out.

VICTORINE.

I can't help it. I shall wait. Who knows? *he* might ask *me*.

JUDGE.

Men never do now,—that custom is exploded.

VICTORINE.

Besides, *I* believe there is such a thing as falling in love, after all.

JUDGE (*rising*).

I tell you, love is as obsolete as a line-of-battle ship. Wives *rule* their husbands, and the memory of woman runneth not to the contrary. But do as you like. For my part, I disapprove of marriage altogether. I consider it a waste of time for any intelligent woman; but *you* will never be able to earn your salt in any decent calling, and you must either marry — or be sent to Congress.

VICTORINE.

I don't care. *I sha' n't ask him.*

JUDGE.

Just as you please,—but mark my words,—he'll be snapped up within twenty-four hours.

[*Exit JUDGE.*

VICTORINE.

It 's a dreadful trial to a girl to have a Judge
for her mamma ! I don't like to go and look for
Mr. Carberry, after what she said. Perhaps, if I
sing something, he will hear it and come down.

(*Sings.*)

Come into the garden, George,
Don't sit there all night and drone.
Come into the garden, George,
I am smoking here, alone.
And the smell of your Meerschaum is wafted abroad,
And the scent of Cabañas blown.

For a breeze of evening moves,
And the planet of Love doth rise,
I 'm beginning to puff the weed we love
In a smoky Paradise.
To puff in great clouds the tobacco we love,
From a pipe coloured brown as your eyes.

Come into the garden, George, &c. &c.

Enter CARBERRY whilst she sings.

CARBERRY.

Miss Victorine ! Charmed to see you again.
Do you come from the Opera ?

VICTORINE.

No, only from playing a game of billiards at the Club,—but all the jolly girls had gone to ride a steeple-chase, and there was only the marker to play with,—who 's a horrid old woman,—so I came home.

CARBERRY.

And how is your interesting reptile ?

VICTORINE.

Oh, you called him ugly, so I threw him out of the window.—Now I want to ask your advice about a profession. I have been thinking about it for a whole half-hour. I hate the law, and I think I 'll be a doctor,—would you ?

CARBERRY.

A doctor ! No, certainly not. What on earth should you know about doctoring ?

VICTORINE.

Oh, I know a good deal about it. I 've skimmed over half a fat book on Rheumatism. And you know I 've got to do something. Girls must earn their living, because there are two hundred thous

CARBERRY (*interrupting her*).

Yes, yes, I know,—but I advise you to retain your natural profession.

VICTORINE.

What 's that ?

CARBERRY (*with a low bow*).

Being a charming young lady.

VICTORINE.

I never heard *any one* say such pretty things as you do ! And, by the way, you were beginning

to tell me something very interesting when that provoking train interrupted us. . . . About those friends of yours who were so much in love, you know.

CARBERRY.

It would sound very flat at second hand.

VICTORINE.

Yes, it is a pity you have not been in love yourself, for then you could describe it better ;—but never mind,—do try. What did your friends do first ?

CARBERRY.

Well, first, I suppose they would tell the young lady she was charming.

"VICTORINE (*aside*).

Exactly what he said to me just now. (*A loud.*) Well ? — go on.

CARBERRY.

Then they would perhaps send flowers, and go to church with her very regularly, and *say* they liked it.

VICTORINE.

Yes, — and what next ?

CARBERRY.

Then, if they were *very* far gone, and she objected, *perhaps* they 'd give up smoking,— but that was only in extreme cases.

VICTORINE.

Oh, but is *that* all? did n't they say anything?

CARBERRY.

Well,—yes,—if they got a good chance, and could screw up their courage, perhaps they would take the young lady's hand (*taking VICTORINE'S*) and say

VICTORINE.

Well,—what? Why do you stop? They would say?

CARBERRY (*tenderly*).

They would say,—Dearest what *lovely* weather!

Enter MRS. BADGER.

MRS. BADGER.

How are you, fellows?

CARBERRY (*aside*).

Thunder! what a bore! Just as I had almost made up my mind to go it! Why, it's that Infernal Revenue woman!

VICTORINE (*tartly*).

If you have come to see Aunt Wolverine, she is out, Mrs. Badger.

MRS. BADGER.

No, my business is with Carberry here. (*To CARBERRY.*) I saw you, just now, looking out of the

nursery window, so I stepped in, to continue our little conversation about your income. I must trouble you to go away, Miss Victorine, as Income Returns are strictly confidential.

VICTORINE.

Confidential? Yes, till *you* publish them in the newspaper. (*Aside.*) Provoking creature!

[*Exit VICTORINE.* ✓]

MRS. BADGER.

Now then! make haste,—for it's getting late, and you know you'll be taken up, if you are out after ten.

CARBERRY.

Taken up! What for?

MRS. BADGER.

New order of the Board of Alderwomen, "Any man, found absent from his home after ten o'clock at night, fined for a misdemeanour." The City Grandmothers mean to put a *stop* to men's staying out till cock-crow, and making their wives sit up for them.

CARBERRY.

I shall go directly back to China.

MRS. BADGER.

You made a large fortune out there, did n't you?

CARBERRY.

It's the only country fit to live in,—they drown the superfluous females young!

MRS. BADGER.

Come! don't shilly-shally. What's your income?

CARBERRY (*reluctantly*).

Well, perhaps ten thousand dollars.

MRS. BADGER (*writing it down*).

Married, or single?

CARBERRY.

Oh, single, certainly.

MRS. BADGER.

Age, then?

CARBERRY.

Madam?

MRS. BADGER.

Well,—age?

CARBERRY.

Madam, I don't see what my age has to do with my income.

MRS. BADGER.

Fiddle! Come, how old are you?

CARBERRY.

Madam, permit me to say that it is none of your business.

MRS. BADGER.

It is,—my very particular business, as long as you are unmarried,—“Special Income-tax for Bachelors over thirty years of age,—fifty per cent.”

CARBERRY.

Fifty per cent! Monstrous! I don't believe it.

MRS. BADGER.

There's the printed form. (*Hands it to him.*)

CARBERRY.

This comes of your infernal female legislating, I suppose! It's unconstitutional! It's anarchical! It's despotic! I won't submit to it!

MRS. BADGER.

Large excess of women over men in the United States. Majority two hundred thousand in Massachusetts alone. Majorities are always right, you know.

CARBERRY.

And am I to be the victim of your horrible statistic?

MRS. BADGER (*coolly*).

If a man chooses to give himself the luxury of being a bachelor, he must pay for it, like other luxuries. All the men take it hard, at first, but they soon come round. So don't bother, but just tell me your age.

CARBERRY.

Nineteen!

MRS. BADGER.

Fiddle! if you don't tell the truth, I shall put you down as fifty. You're thirty-five, if you're a day. When was your birthday?

CARBERRY.

Yesterday! I came of age.

MRS. BADGER.

Very well! — (Writing.) “Thomas Carberry, Bachelor, age, fifty.” It’s a retrospective tax, you know, — takes in every year since you were thirty, — fifty per cent on ten thousand dollars for twenty years five times twenty One hundred thousand dollars, you will please hand over to the government, and I’ll give you a receipt.

CARBERRY.

Outrageous! I’m only thirty-two, I’ll take my oath of it! It’s an extortion, — a swindle, — an infamous swindle!

MRS. BADGER.

If you are not satisfied, I’ll call you sixty, — I’ve a right to make you any age I please.

CARBERRY (*getting more and more angry*).

A right! And I’ve a right — an inalienable right — to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness! Are Men’s Rights trampled underfoot? Is there no Antislavery sentiment left in Boston? No Society for the Abolition of Women? What are all the philanthropists about, now-a-days, I should like to know?

MRS. BADGER.

It would be clearly unjust, in a Republican country, and contrary to the Spirit of the Age, if a great strong man, like you, were allowed to live in wealth and idleness, while TWO HUNDRED THOU-

SAND SINGLE WOMEN in your own State have to support themselves. If you won't marry, you must make it up to them in another way.

CARBERRY (*exasperated*).

And do you pretend to say that fifty cents apiece is going to make up to them for not marrying me? — I never would have left China, if I'd had any conception of this! Women legislating, and robbing, and murdering! — It has no parallel in history! Draco and Robespierre were kittens, compared to them! It's enough to make George Washington turn in his grave! Madam! I . . . I . . . I wish you a good evening! (*Rushes out.*)

MRS. BADGER (*calling after him*).

I'll send you the bill to-morrow.

ACT III.

Drawing-room in Mr. Wigfall's house. Carberry alone.

CARBERRY (*pulls out a note and reads*).

"Seven o'clock, call here important communication, yours truly ever Wolverine Griffin." Well, that 's beyond me! but I may get another look at Victorine by being here. I came home with the idea of marrying some nice pretty little wife, such as they used to have,— who would make much of me, and give me good dinners, and look pretty at the head of the table,— which is all a man wants in a wife. But they have all turned into such catamarans, that I feel discouraged that is, all except Victorine.

Enter Miss GRIFFIN.

MISS GRIFFIN.

Mr. Carberry, *how* kind ! you were *not* uneasy ? I *am* a little late. Excuse me,— sit down, and I 'll explain. But, first, it may be proper to review the events of the past ten years.

CARBERRY.

'Hem. (*Looking at his watch.*) We might do five to-day, and the rest some rainy afternoon. Begin, madam ; I am all attention.

MISS GRIFFIN.

You find a great change in our midst, my dear sir, on your return. Woman has taken her rightful place, and, no longer the Slave of Man, shares with you the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. A glorious change, Mr. Carberry.

CARBERRY.

A very striking change, indeed, madam.

MISS GRIFFIN.

A glorious change, Mr. Carberry ! The cruel Past is wiped out, with all its brutal, barbarous conventionalities, and the Female is free ! When you went abroad, my dear Mr. Carberry, she had no initiative,—positively *no* initiative. Her affinities were stifled, and her tongue was paralyzed. It was her humble part to silently await the Coming Man, who, perhaps, never came, or might better have stayed away.

CARBERRY.

A trying position, certainly. (*Aside.*) Thunder ! what a bore she is !

MISS GRIFFIN.

It was a cruel, cruel law which debarred us from the free exercise of our choice in the most important crisis of our lives. With perceptions, too, so much finer than those of Man, by which to detect the right person at once.

CARBERRY.

Precisely. . . . But I think you spoke of wishing to see me on business?

MISS GRIFFIN.

Now, Woman, trusting to her unerring instinct, goes frankly to the man of her choice, and gives him her hand with her heart in it *thus*
(Offering her hand.)

SERVANT (*at the door*).

Miss Griffin, the Chairwoman of the Committee for the Suppression of Male Dinner-parties is down stairs,— says she *must* see you on business.

MISS GRIFFIN.

Provoking! But you sit perfectly still, and I'll be back directly.

[*Exit Miss Griffin.*

CARBERRY (*alone*).

Good Heavens! what a dreadful situation I am in! This woman is evidently going to make me an offer of marriage! What shall I do?—What can I say?—What on earth was it young ladies used to say in the good old times?—I am so upset, I can't even recollect what that pretty Fanny Slippery said to *me* in Shanghae! This is a thousand times worse than being refused one's self Let me see Fanny made at least a dozen excellent excuses too young short acquaintance inexperience

Re-enter MISS GRIFFIN.

MISS GRIFFIN.

An unwelcome interruption, but you won't think the worse of me for putting public duty before private feeling. "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more." . . . Dear Mr. Carberry, you can't have mistaken me.

CARBERRY.

Forgive me, Miss Griffin, but on so short an acquaintance . . . I assure you I never supposed . . .

MISS GRIFFIN.

Yes, it is short, as the world counts time, — but what of that, since henceforth our whole lives will be devoted to each other ?

CARBERRY.

Indeed, I never imagined that your feelings for me were more than a mere passing admiration . . .

MISS GRIFFIN.

That shows you have no comprehension of the transcendent Truthfulness of Woman. *We* should scorn to pay attentions to a young man, and win his timid affections, and then shy off, and mean nothing after all. Oh no, my dearest Thomas, I am deeply, terribly in earnest !

CARBERRY.

I am most sorry, believe me, if any thoughtless-

ness of mine has encouraged these hopes. (*Aside.*) Thunder ! how hard she is to refuse ! (*Aloud.*) I have no idea of marrying, I assure you.

MISS GRIFFIN.

And why not ? Why bloom a single rose ?

CARBERRY.

Oh, I 'm too young !

MISS GRIFFIN.

I will wait.

CARBERRY.

I am so ignorant, so inexperienced I am not worthy of you. Forget me, I entreat you, and be happy with another !

MISS GRIFFIN.

Never ! My happiness depends on your consent ! I 'll blow my brains out if you refuse ! (*Goes down on her knees.*) I will *not* live without you ! (*Seizing his hand.*)

CARBERRY (*trying to get away*).

Don't, — don't, — my dear Miss Griffin ! Get up, I beg of you ! you distress me exceedingly !

MISS GRIFFIN.

No ! I 'll take root at your feet ! I 'll never get up till you give in.

CARBERRY (*in despair*).

Well, well I hear some one coming,—

only get up, and I 'll see about it,— I 'll refer you to my father

Enter JUDGE.

MISS GRIFFIN (*rising*).

My dear sister, congratulate me ; Mr. Carberry has promised to be mine !

JUDGE (*aside*).

Just as I said ! he is snapped up. *Quam celeriter !* (*Aloud.*) Wolverine, there are higher aims than marriage for the Women of '76,— and, from my own experience, I think a woman's career is hampered by a husband. But try it, if you like. Do you wish to be married immediately ?

MISS GRIFFIN.

I 'm all ready.

JUDGE.

Then I will receive your declaration, which is all that is necessary to constitute a legal marriage.

MISS GRIFFIN.

You begin, dear Carberry.

CARBERRY.

Oh, impossible ! quite impossible ! My conscience would never permit such a thing. I should n't feel married at all, unless it were in church.

JUDGE.

Sir, religion has been reconstructed,—and such superstitions are out of date.

MISS GRIFFIN.

Yes, I wonder you should cling to those old-fashioned prejudices. However, if you really prefer it, we can send for the clergywoman. The Rev. Arabella Parsons lives next door.

CARBERRY.

Oh no, you must n't hurry me, indeed. I I (*Struck by an idea.*) I want at least three months to send to Paris for my trousseau. I could n't think of having my wedding coat made in Boston. I won't be married at all unless I can have a proper wedding.

JUDGE (*indignantly.*)

A proper wedding! Sir, I would have you to know that a contract made before me is eminently a proper wedding. A simple declaration of your intention is all-sufficient in the eye of the law. In fact, I believe you have both already said so, and I shall proceed to make out the necessary certificate, without loss of time. (*Takes a pen.*)

CARBERRY (*seizing her arm.*)

No! I 'll swear I mean, I 'm sure I did n't you misunderstood me. I beg you, ladies, to give me a little time to recover myself.

. . . . This happiness has been so unexpected, I feel quite overcome. . . . I will give you an answer by and by but now I have a severe headache brought on by nervous excitement. . . .

MISS GRIFFIN.

Nervous excitement! Shaker Extract of Valerian is what you want. Lie down on the sofa, and put your feet up, and I 'll bring you some in a quarter of an hour. (*Making CARBERRY lie down.*)

JUDGE (*looking at him with disdain*).

Men are not like us, Wolverine. They have *no* strength of mind.

[*Exeunt* MISS GRIFFIN and JUDGE. CARBERRY covers his face with his handkerchief and groans.

Enter MRS. BADGER, who goes to the sofa and peeps under the handkerchief.

MRS. BADGER.

Ah, Carberry! I thought I should find you here about that little matter of the hundred thousand dollars, you know.

CARBERRY.

Oh, *go away* — I 'm ill I 'm very busy I 'm asleep I can't attend to you now.

MRS. BADGER.

I always like to be accommodating, and I 've thought of a way to settle it.

CARBERRY (*reviving a little*).
What?

MRS. BADGER.

You must marry at once.

CARBERRY.

I won't,—*I won't*,—I WON'T!

MRS. BADGER.

That will exempt you from the Bachelor's Tax in future,—but the retrospective hundred thousand dollars will remain to be paid, *unless you marry the right person,—and there is BUT ONE.*

CARBERRY.

Who? in the name of thunder!

MRS. BADGER.

ME.

CARBERRY.

You! You're married already! It says "Mrs." on your confounded card. (*Pulling it out of his pocket.*) Where is Mr. Badger? I appeal to Mr. Badger for protection!

MRS. BADGER.

Fiddle! Mr. Badger has been dead and buried these seven years.

CARBERRY.

A widow! I never thought of that. (*Sinks into a chair.*)

MRS. BADGER.

You see, if you marry me, I 'll let you off paying the money to the government, and we 'll spend it together.

CARBERRY.

Venal and corrupt official!—is that the way you betray your trust? I 'll denounce you! I 'll publish it in all the papers! I 'll have you turned out!

MRS. BADGER.

Pooh! You would n't be so silly,—for then you 'd have to pay up twenty years from thirty to fifty

CARBERRY (*furious*).

I tell you I 'm not fifty I 'll call the police! Miss Griffin! Miss Griffin!

MISS GRIFFIN (*running in*).

MISS GRIFFIN.

What 's the matter?

CARBERRY.

Take away this assessor! She 's offering herself to me!

MISS GRIFFIN.

You, Badger? How audacious! He 's engaged to *me*.

MRS. BADGER.

He has changed his mind,—he prefers *me*.

MISS GRIFFIN.

Badger, I 'm ashamed of you ! Annoying a poor young man in this way ! What would become of him if he had n't me to protect him ?

MRS. BADGER.

Nonsense ! we were making a little business arrangement you only bother us,—you have n't any head for business, Griffin,—you 're too sentimental,—you 'd better go away.

MISS GRIFFIN.

Yes, and it 's precisely that delicacy of sentiment that Mr. Carberry admires in me. I hope I do my duty as a woman and a citizen, though I *have n't* sunk into a mere business hack, without a thought beyond money-making, like *you*, Mrs. Badger.

MRS. BADGER.

Fiddle ! Why don't you speak up, Carberry ?—what are you thinking of ?

CARBERRY.

Madam, I was thinking of the Kilkenny cats, and the admirable end of their quarrel !

MISS GRIFFIN.

Barbara Badger, if you don't go directly away, I 'll impeach you at the next Town Meeting for embezzlement of the public money.

MRS. BADGER.

Well, I can't stop now to discuss it. I'll see you by and by. . . . But you have n't a chance, Griffin,— there are one hundred thousand arguments against you.— *You 'll see* which way he makes up his mind !

[*Exit* MRS. BADGER, *nodding significantly*.]

MISS GRIFFIN.

You see, my dear Mr. Carberry, that it is absolutely necessary we should be married immediately, or you would be exposed to this sort of thing every day. I think we had better say to-morrow,— and, as you seem to fancy a showy wedding, I 'll send word directly to the other Selectwomen, and the School Committee, to come in from the Centre, by the ten o'clock train, and walk in procession with us to the church.

[*Exit* GRIFFIN.]

CARBERRY.

There is something fatally attractive about me !

Enter VICTORINE.

VICTORINE.

Here 's a note for you, Mr. Carberry,— from a lady. (*Handing it to him.*)

CARBERRY.

I won't read it ! it may be another. (*Tears it up.*)

VICTORINE.

Another what ? It 's an invitation to Mrs.

Butterfly's ball. I 'm going,—I 'll take you.
.... What 's the matter? Are you ill?

CARBERRY.

Miss Wigfall, I 'm on the brink of an abyss,—
two abysses in fact. Your aunt intends to marry
me.

VICTORINE.

My aunt! You 're joking! Why, she 's a great
deal older than you! It is n't possible that you
.... care for my aunt, Mr. Carberry?

Enter MISS GRIFFIN, who listens unperceived.

CARBERRY.

Care for her? I 'm afraid of her! I am being
dragged like a lamb to the altar! I said all I
could,—I repeated every excuse that I remem-
bered a young lady made I mean, that I
thought a young lady *would* make in such a case,
but it was no use!—no use!

VICTORINE (*sighing*).

Oh! how I wish I had minded mamma!

CARBERRY.

I arrived here yesterday, so innocent and so
happy,—and I find everything upset and topsy-
turvy, with all this voting, and assessing, and
judging,—and dreadful old maids swooping down
upon one, like hawks,—and widows, like roaring

lions! You alone seem to me an innocent dove, a thousand times more charming by contrast and I 've got to marry somebody I mean, I love you passionately only I should n't have told you so for months, under happier circumstances I 'm a shy man naturally but now I 'm goaded to desperation!

✓

VICTORINE (*crying*).

O! Mr. Carberry, why did n't you say so sooner?

CARBERRY.

Sooner! I had n't a chance! I 'm a slow man naturally,—I 'm not used to these railway methods,—and how could I ever have dreamed that your terrible aunt would mark me for her own!

(*Here Miss GRIFFIN, who has heard all this, darts out again unperceived.*)

VICTORINE.

Well (*Sob*), perhaps it 's all for the best! I 'll try and take an interest in (*Sob*) politics and forget it but (*Sob*) I shall always love you *as an uncle!*

Re-enter Miss GRIFFIN, with two pistols.

MISS GRIFFIN (*to CARBERRY*).

Traitor! which will you have? [VICTORINE shrieks.]

CARBERRY.

Neither, thank you.

MISS GRIFFIN.

No trifling, traitor ! I have heard all, and I demand satisfaction.

VICTORINE.

O aunt ! please don't be angry, — I 'll give him up !

MISS GRIFFIN.

There is but one reparation you can make me, Mr. Carberry, — take your choice.

CARBERRY.

They have got over being afraid of pistols, too !

VICTORINE.

O aunt ! you shall have him indeed, — only *don't* hurt him.

MISS GRIFFIN.

No compromise with traitors ! (*Sternly.*) Mr. Carberry, are you a gentleman ?

CARBERRY.

No ! Are you ?

MISS GRIFFIN.

Man ! Would you rather be hanged ? Don't you know Breach of Promise is a capital crime ?

VICTORINE (*wringing her hands*).

And the Governess will never pardon you !

CARBERRY.

Well, if you *will* have it so, I 'll name a friend

to arrange the place of meeting. (*Aside.*) I 'll take the first train to New York.

MISS GRIFFIN.

Mr. Carberry, I *never* lose time. Seconds and intermediaries would only cause delay. This quarrel is between you and me, and we will settle it this minute, in this apartment, without any more words. Victorine, have the goodness to walk twelve paces, taking as long steps as you can.

VICTORINE.

I sha' n't ! I won't ! I 'll call papa !

[*Exit, crying "Papa ! Papa !"*

(MISS GRIFFIN measures the distance herself, thrusts one of the pistols into CARBERRY'S hand, and takes her place).

CARBERRY.

I wish I was back in Shanghae !

MISS GRIFFIN.

Now, are you ready ? When I say "*three.*" (CARBERRY covers her with his pistol.) Mr. Carberry ! put that weapon down, sir ! When I say "*three*"

CARBERRY.

By Jove ! I 'll kill her ! (*Covers her again.*)

MISS GRIFFIN.

Will you observe the rules, sir ? When I say "*three,*" we fire. . . . One, — Two —

Enter JUDGE, followed by VICTORINE, and MR. WIGFALL carrying the baby.

JUDGE.

I arrest you both, in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts !

MISS GRIFFIN.

Susan, why could n't you have stayed away five minutes longer !

JUDGE.

Mr. Wigfall, I appoint you Special Constable to secure these persons, discovered *flagrante delicto*, in the very act of breaking the peace of the Commonwealth.

(MR. WIGFALL puts the baby down on the sofa, and takes hold of GRIFFIN.)

CARBERRY.

I thank your Honour from the bottom of my heart.

JUDGE.

Prisoners: It is my painful duty to remind you both, that, Whereas, the trial by wager of battle has long been obsolete, you have incurred a penalty of twenty years in the State's Prison, for duelling in Massachusetts. Wherefore, as guardian of the public morals, it also becomes my painful duty to send at once for the proper officers of justice, that you may be tried, and convicted for that offence.

CARBERRY.

Nothing can hurt me now.

CARBERRY and GRIFFIN stand Right and Left with folded arms.

VICTORINE.

O mamma ! forgive them this once ! Punish aunt, if you will —

CARBERRY.

Yes, punish aunt !

VICTORINE.

It was all her fault, but don't put Mr. Carberry in prison !

JUDGE.

Child ! he has violated the law.

VICTORINE (*imploringly*).

But no one will ever know, if we don't tell.
Don't say anything about it, that's a dear mamma.

JUDGE.

And my own conscience, Victorine ? Forbear,
I am incorruptible.

MR. WIGFALL.

That's right, my dear, — Smite 'em with the
Sword of Justice !

VICTORINE (*aside to MR. WIGFALL*).

O papa, how can you be so unkind ? I thought
you were on our side.

MR. WIGFALL (*aside to VICTORINE*).

Be quiet, child. I have n't lived twenty years with your mother without finding out that the way to manage her is to give her her head.

JUDGE.

Distressing as it is to my personal feelings, the Majesty of the Law must be vindicated.

MR. WIGFALL.

Bully for you ! *Fiat Justitia !* Don't let 'em off.

JUDGE.

Mr. Wigfall ! in this momentous crisis, I consider your remarks in the worst possible taste.

MR. WIGFALL.

Why, I only said "*Fiat Justitia*." Does n't the learned Judge know what that means ?

JUDGE.

Silence, Constable ! — As I said before, I stand here clothed in the Panoply of Justice, resolved to steel my heart, and execute the Law, — cost what it may.

MR. WIGFALL.

Off with their heads ! *Ruat Cælum !* Be a Spartan Mother ! Be a Roman Father !

JUDGE.

Silence !

MR. WIGFALL.

Remember Brutus! Three cheers for the Boston Brutus! Hip, Hip

JUDGE (*exploding*).

Mr. Wigfall, you are perfectly unbearable! I don't care one pin for Brutus, and I *will* let them off,— just to spite you,— and to show you that I am independent of your sneers and innuendoes! Wolverine, I am thoroughly ashamed of *you*,— but this once I will overlook it, on condition that you never have anything more to do with any man—or men—whomsoever. Victorine, if you laugh, I 'll commit you for contempt.

VICTORINE.

O you dear little mamma! I knew you 'd stop being an upright Judge, and turn out my own kind little mamma at last. (*Kisses her enthusiastically.*)
JUDGE *waves her off.*)

JUDGE.

As for you, Mr. Carberry, I request you to inform the Court, whether you sincerely wish to marry my daughter.

CARBERRY.

Most assuredly I do,— I declare it before your Honour with the greatest pleasure.— Is that enough? Are we married now? Are you my mother-in-law?

JUDGE.

No. You may have your “proper wedding,”

and be six months about it.—Here, Victorine, take him, he's yours. Be firm with him from the first, and perhaps you may be happy. When you want a divorce, petition me, while you are yet in my jurisdiction. But don't delay too long, for at no distant day, the nation will rise, like One Woman, to turn out the man, Chase, and you will see ME Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

[Retires majestically, followed by MR. WIGFALL, to the back of the stage.

CARBERRY (*to Miss Griffin*).

Madam, I hope you will forget the past, and believe me, I shall always regard you as a friend.

MISS GRIFFIN.

Man, don't speak to me.

Enter Mrs. Badger.

MRS. BADGER.

There, Griffin, I told you so! You see he has made up his mind —

CARBERRY.

Yes, to marry Miss Wigfall. So you and your tax may go to Jericho! (*Aside to Mrs. Badger.*) If you tell of me, I'll tell of you, but (*Aloud*), believe me, madam, I shall always regard you as a friend.

MRS. BADGER.

Griffin, we're both jilted! Shall we go and drown ourselves in the Chestnut Hill Reservoir?

MISS GRIFFIN.

For a Man? No, Badger, — we are States-women and Patriots. Let us rather renounce mankind and live for ourselves, — marching in the Van of the great Feminine Army of Progress, onward and upward forever! And when our mission is accomplished, and Woman of every colour, size, and shape reigns supreme from Pole to Pole, — *then* shall the names of Griffin and Badger be transmitted to future generations, as great and glorious examples of the new SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX!

Curtain falls.

JUDGE'S CHARGE.

Addressed to the Audience.

Mrs. Forewoman, and Ladies of the Jury: You have now heard the facts, and it remains for you to find accordingly, divesting yourselves, as far as possible, of all individual bias, either for or against the defendant, — MAN, — and this Court will protect you in the performance of your duty. — The proper officer will now conduct the Jury to their room, and provide them with suitable refreshment.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

CHARACTERS.



CAPTAIN DASHWOOD.

TARBOX.

FLORA FAYAWAY (*18 years*).

MISS PRIM (*her companion, 40 years*).

A CHANGE OF BASE.

SCENE I.

Flora's Drawing-room.—Flora seated, absorbed in reading a letter.—Enter Miss Prim.

PRIM.

MISS FLORA! the cook has given warning! Says she wants a wider range, and means to try California!

FLORA.

Oh, Miss Prim, don't trouble me about cooks now.

PRIM (*excited*).

But what are we to do?

FLORA.

Oh, do without eating! To-day, of all days, I don't want to be worried.

PRIM.

Why, is it to-day that you expect Mr. Tarbox?

FLORA.

Yes; but I wish, Miss Prim, you would n't pronounce his name that way. Can't you say "Mr. Tarbox" softly? — it sounds much prettier.

PRIM (*sitting down to her sewing*).

Well, it is n't a very pretty name anyway. However, I'll try. By what train do you anticipate Mr. Ta-arbox?

FLORA.

His letter did n't say. O! Miss Prim, how little I thought, when, just for fun, I pinned my name and address on a pair of blue woollen socks for the Sanitary,—how little I thought that my fate was rolled up in them!

PRIM.

Yes, it's fortunate that such a delightful person as *you say* Mr. Tarbox is, should have been the one to get them. He wrote to you at once, did n't he?

FLORA.

O yes! I never shall forget my feelings when I received his first letter,—dated Camp Stanton. I could n't help answering,—it was *so* touching. That was three months ago, and we have corresponded ever since!

PRIM.

It's strange what luck young girls always have in such matters, to be sure! It shows what fools men are. They overlook women of matured mind and experience,—to run after any chit of a girl,—just because she has a pretty face!

FLORA.

Well, Miss Prim, he did n't run after *my* face, for you know he has never seen it.

PRIM.

No, and for my part, I think it *very doubtful* how such a match will turn out. Do you know anything of his position, or antecedents?

FLORA.

No, *nothing*, — and that's just what makes our engagement so delightfully odd and romantic. We know each other *only* through our letters, — and O ! Miss Prim, he does write such *lovely* letters. Did you ever have any love-letters, Miss Prim ?

PRIM.

Ahem, — no. It so happened that *every one* of my admirers offered himself by word of mouth, — and was rejected immediately.

FLORA.

What a pity !

PRIM.

And have n't you told this Mr. Tarbox anything about *your* social position either ? Does *he* think it "delightfully odd and romantic" to be kept in the dark, — or does he know that you are an orphan, and your own mistress ?

FLORA.

I told him nothing whatever. (*Aside*) I wanted him to love me for myself.

PRIM.

Are you *quite sure* he is not aware that you are rich ?

FLORA.

Oh, Miss Prim, you don't suppose I wrote about such things as money? Besides, I had n't room. I never wrote *more* than six or eight pages crossed, at a time.

PRIM.

He 's nothing but a private, is he ?

FLORA (*with enthusiasm*).

No, and that 's all the more noble in him ! Not to wait to be made Major-General, or Commander-in-Chief, as I know he deserves, but to volunteer at once to defend his country, even in the ranks ! I 've not the least doubt that he left a princely home, adorned with everything that makes life beautiful, at his country's call ! When I think of such devotion, my heart beats,— my cheeks burn —

PRIM.

Hoity-toity! you never made all this fuss when your cousin Captain Dashwood volunteered !

FLORA.

Oh, that was different. There is no sentiment or romance about Fred. He just went off at the beginning of the war, because he said it was his duty,— he never talked about his feelings, and treated the whole thing as a matter of course.

PRIM.

There I quite agree with you. I always thought Captain Dashwood a disagreeable, conceited young man.

FLORA.

O, Miss Prim, he is not! How can you say so!

PRIM (*rising*).

Well, Miss Fayaway, I sincerely *hope* you may be happy. But if you want my candid opinion, I think you would be more *sensible*, if you were not in such a hurry, but were to wait till you are forty or forty-five years of age, and have some *experience*, before you think of matrimony!

[*Exit.*]

FLORA (*alone*).

How disagreeable Miss Prim is sometimes, to be sure! She always seems annoyed when she hears of any one going to be married. And asking such tiresome questions too,—about "*money*," and "*position*," and "*antecedents*,"—things that are not of the *slightest* consequence! Ah! there 'd be no need of asking that, if she had ever seen one of *his* dear letters! (*Takes out letter and reads.*) "When your lovely image floats before the mind's eye of your adorer, he feels that for the unspeakable bliss of your smile, he would gladly sacrifice his life!"—Any one could see at once that this was written by a person of the most exquisite refinement of feeling, with the fire and imagination of a poet! Now I 'm very fond of my cousin Fred, and he of me,—but *he* never wrote me such a letter as that. (*Kisses letter and puts it near her heart.*) I should be perfectly happy if it were not for his name! How I do wish it was n't Tarbox! But then I 've no

doubt he has a lovely Christian name,—one suited to his noble self,—and of course I shall call him by that. He always signs “H. J. Tarbox,”—H stands for Herbert,—O ! I hope it’s Herbert!—I know it’s Herbert ! (*Bell rings.*) Hark ! there’s a ring ! Perhaps it’s he ! How my heart beats ! (*Flies to the window.*) Oh no !—it’s not Herbert,—it’s a very common-looking person,—an express-man, I should say.

Enter TARBOX, in private's uniform, with light blue overcoat, very shabby.

TARBOX.

Mornin’ marm. I want to see Miss Flora Fayaway.

FLORA (*coldly*).

I am Miss Fayaway.

TARBOX.

Be ye ? Jerewsalem ! I'd no notion you was sich a highflyer. Wal, my lovely gal, here's your soldier, tired of war's alarms.

FLORA.

What — what do you mean ?

TARBOX.

Mean ? Why, ain’t I the feller you’ve been writing to, these three months ? My name’s Hezekiah J. Tarbox, at yer sarvice ; come back to marry you, accordin’ to agreement.

FLORA (*aside*).

O Heavens ! what shall I do ? Engaged to this *horrid* creature ! It 's impossible ! I don't believe it ! (*Aloud.*) Sir, I am sure there must be some mistake.

TARBOX.

Mistake ? Not a mite. Did n't you jest tell me you was Miss Fayaway ?

FLORA.

It 's quite impossible that *you* ever wrote those letters. You don't sound like them !

TARBOX.

Lord bless you, you don't suppose I got all that stuff out of my own head, do yer ? I bought a "Complete Letter-writer," price $62\frac{1}{2}$ cents, second-hand, and copied off the love-letters in reg'lar succession. I 've got it in my pocket now. Like to see it ? (*Takes out shabby book and turns over leaves.*) Let 's see No. 6 that 's called "Formal Declaration," — after that, they keep pilin' up the agony, don't they ? There, here 's the last one I copied. (*Reads.*) "When your lovely image floats before the mind's eye of your adorer," — and a lot more.

FLORA (*aside, tearing the letter from her heart*).

The very letter I was kissing just now !
(*Flings it in the fire,*)

TARBOX.

It's pretty lucky I got my discharge when I did, for I'd got as far as No. 11,—and there's only thirteen on 'em. Wal, we've done with all that rubbish now.—(*Looks around.*) Fixed up pretty slick here. Pictures,—pianner-forty.—Where are the old folks?

FLORA.

The old folks?

TARBOX.

Yes,—yer father and mother.

FLORA.

I am an orphan, sir. I am alone in the world.

TARBOX (*sitting down*).

Du tell!

FLORA (*standing*).

And you,—where is your home?

TARBOX.

I reside in Skowhegan, Maine. I've got a little farm down there. Pray, miss, air you acquainted with butter and cheese making?

FLORA.

No, sir, I am not.

TARBOX.

D' ye understand fattenin' pigs?

FLORA.

No, indeed I do not, Mr. Tarbox, and I am surprised at your asking such a question!

TARBOX.

Wal, what *can* ye do then? What d' ye 'stow yer time on? Can't yer do *no* kind o' work?

FLORA.

Certainly, crochet and worsted work.

TARBOX.

Wal, what else?

FLORA.

Oh, I play and sing, and make calls, and play croquet, and in the evening I go to the Opera, unless there is a party.

TARBOX.

We don't do none o' them things down to Skowhegan.

FLORA.

No, of course there are no amusements in such a place as that!

TARBOX.

I bet you! In winter we have quiltin' frolics,— and spring and fall there's maple-candy scrapes, and parin' bees,— and we go to meetin' all the year raound.

Enter Miss PRIM.

FLORA (*confused*).

My friend, Miss Prim,— Miss Prim, this is Mr.—

TARBOX.

Tarbox, marm. Hezekiah J., at your sarvice.

PRIM (*surprised*).

Indeed ! I hope I see you well, sir. You have lately returned from the army, I believe ? [Sits down near TARBOX ; FLORA sinks into a chair behind them.

TARBOX.

Yes marm. I got kinder rheumaticky down there to Washington City,— all doubled up, and the Surgeon of our Regiment said I warn't no good, anyway, and might as well come home.

PRIM.

We girls feel a deep interest in our brave defenders. Tell us of your sufferings.

TARBOX.

Wal, marm, I was *orfe* sea-sick on the Sound, both goin' and comin'.

PRIM.

Oh, I didn't mean that. I meant your dangers.

TARBOX.

Wal, twice I come plaguy near shootin' myself with my own gun.

FLORA (*aside*).

I wish he had !

PRIM.

I did n't mean *that*, either. Tell us of the camp,— the midnight attack, and the hand-to-hand conflict !

TARBOX.

Wal, as fur the camp, I d' know as I did more nor cook my vittals,—and poor enough they was,—if it had n't a been for the sutler's pies, I should ha' been a'most starved. And when I was n't eatin' them, I was whittlin', or playin' checkers or dominos with the fellers,—leastways when we was thru' with that air darned drillin'.

PRIM.

But the battles? — the deeds of arms?

TARBOX.

Can't tell ye nothin' about them. I got took down with the rheumatiz, and left,—*jest* as the fightin' was goin' to begin. I had the luck on't, I tell *you*!

FLORA (*starting up*).

What! were you not disappointed to be denied the opportunity to fight for your country, after you had volunteered in her defence?

TARBOX.

O bless you, marm, I did n't volunteer,—I was *drafted*. I wish to blazes now, I *had* a-volunteered, and got the baounty!

FLORA.

All my illusions dispelled!

TARBOX.

Tell ye all abaout it. The all-firedest mean biz-

ness aout. The day they drafted, I was down to the ingine-house, along with Elnathan P. Sawyer, and a lot more Independent Odd-Fellows. Elnathan, sez he, "Tarbox, I bet you 'll git stuck." He had n't more 'n got the words out of his maouth, when Quincy Titcomb, that stutters, came runnin' up. "*Hearn the news? the list's aout!*" "Who be they?" sez all hands. Quincy could n't git aout the fust word. "*Who be they?*" roars the crowd. Quincy made the *orfullest* faces, and Royal Marble, he took him by the collar as if he 'd *shake* it out of him. "Tell us who they be," sez he. Quincy was corked as tight as a ginger-beer bottle, but he pintered his finger straight at *me*. Gosh! how they all screeched and screamed (except me). "Naow," sez I, "Gen'lemen feller-citizens, look a-here, I 've got conscientious, Constitootional scruples (a larf), and a very aged aunt (roars), besides fits (yells). I don't back aout from May trainins, nor Cornwallises, nor I ain't afraid to swab aout our cannon arter she 's ben tetched off, —*but*, as to flyin' in the face of Providence, loaded with ball-catridge, Congress hain't no title to send for *me*. There 's a higher law agin it. 'T ain't right!" No use! I could n't squirm aout, no way, nor shape, and was baound to go. So I went,— and that 's how 't was.

[*Takes out a pipe and fills it.*

PRIM.

How interesting!

FLORA.

How intolerable !

PRIM.

Well, Mr. Tarbox, it 's a mercy you escaped with your life. *I* consider that rheumatism a dispensation of Providence !

FLORA (*seeing TARBOX light his pipe*).

Oh, that is too much ! Sir, — Mr. Tarbox ! I cannot possibly have you smoke pipes here. The smell of tobacco makes me very ill !

TARBOX.

Oh bother ! 'T ain't no kinder use for you to cut up rough about my pipe. You must git wonted to it, and the sooner the better.

FLORA.

Sir, if you have no respect for a lady, the sooner you leave this house the better !

TARBOX.

Wal, wal, don't git so riled. I 'd just as lives go out and smoke a spell, to please ye, if ye 're so tarnation squeamish.

PRIM (*rising*).

This way, sir, — allow me, — I 'm sorry Miss Fayaway is so particular, — *I* adore tobacco !

[*Exeunt PRIM and TARBOX.*

FLORA (*alone*).

O ! unhappy girl that I am ! My whole life sacrificed by one silly and imprudent step ! I

expected some one just like the Heir of Redclyffe, and I find myself bound by the most solemn promises to this odious Down-East farmer! And those hateful letters . . . copied out of that hateful book! (*Flings book down.*) What humiliation! I shall die of it,—I hope I may! How *could* I ever have written to him! How unladylike,—how ridiculous my conduct has been! I have been living for months in a cloud,—a mist of illusion,—and now it has cleared away, and I see my miserable folly in its true light! Ah! if I had had a mother,—a father,—any one to advise me, this never could have happened. But I am all alone! (*Cries.*)

Servant brings in a letter.

A letter from my cousin Fred. O! what will *he* say when he hears of this? Dear Fred, how fond he always was of me! And he did give up all for the war;—he is really a hero . . . and a gentleman, too! Strange I never thought of Fred before. But the truth is, when he's your cousin, and you've known him all your life, you *don't* think of Fred. (*Reads.*) “Dearest cousin. You will see me very soon after receiving this. We had rather sharp work with the Rebels, the other day, and I was slightly wounded, but it is nothing of consequence, so don't be frightened. Our Colonel insists on my having ten days' furlough, however. I thought you might see it in the papers, so I write myself to let you know I am all right, and coming. Yours ever, Frederick Dashwood.”

Wounded ! and I never knew it ! And he does n't tell me how ! O ! where is the paper ! (*Finds newspaper and reads.*)

"Attack of the Rebels on our troops. Gallant conduct of Capt. Dashwood of the Mass. 144th. The Rebels attacked one of our redoubts last Tuesday, but were repulsed with great loss. Capt. Dashwood, of the Mass. 144th, distinguished himself by one of the most heroic actions of the war. The flag, which floated over the redoubt, suddenly fell to the ground outside, its staff cut by a ball. A shout of triumph rose from the Rebel ranks as the banner disappeared, for they thought it to be the signal of submission. The next moment, Capt. Dashwood leaped from the parapet, and, amid a perfect storm of shot and shell, walked deliberately the whole length of the fort, picked up the flag, mounted the bastion, and the Stars and Stripes again floated proudly on the breeze ! Capt. Dashwood escaped by a miracle with only a slight wound in the arm. His country may well be proud of such a gallant son !"

How brave ! how noble ! — and I never appreciated him ! This story of his devotion has been read to-day through the length and breadth of the land, — and every voice is praising him, — every voice but mine ! Every woman in the country knows he is a hero and I am the last to find it out ! And now he is coming back, — and I see it all, — too late, — too late !

[*Bursts into tears, and exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Captain Dashwood, in uniform, with his left arm in a sling.

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

Here I am back again in the old house! A week of home is n't bad after a year of campaigning. Rather a cool welcome old Prim gave me just now. She seemed so taken up with that soldier, she scarcely looked at me. I wonder whether Flora will be glad to see me! Ah! If she only knew how often the hope of seeing her again has cheered me up, down there in Virginia!

SONG.

NEAPOLITAN AIR, — “*Sul mare lucida.*” — *Santa Lucia.*

Far, far from home, love,
By the dark river,
Where flows Potomac
Silently ever,—
In the deep midnight,
By the camp firelight,
Ah! Cousin Flora! I 'm thinking of you!

When o'er the battle-field
Night-shadows close, love,
And pale stars are watching
The soldier's repose, love,
When for his comfort come
Sweet dreams of friends and home,
Then, dearest Flora, I 'm dreaming of you!

When to your home, love,
Come from afar,

Borne on the southwind,
The echoes of war,
Does memory then portray
Him who's so far away?
Then, dearest Flora, do *you* think of me?

Enter FLORA.

Well, Cousin Flora, here I am!

FLORA.

O Fred!—dear Fred,—how thankful I am
you are safe! but your arm . . . O! how grieved
I am!

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

Oh, it is nothing,—nothing at all! Did you
expect me? You got my letter?

FLORA.

Yes, just now . . . I have only this instant
read the account in the paper of your noble con-
duct! O Fred! how bravely,—how gloriously
you behaved!

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

Nonsense! I only did my duty. Every soldier
would have done the same. But I'm glad *you*
think well of me, darling cousin. My last thought,
Flora, before going into action,—my last thought
was of you!

FLORA (*much moved*).

Dear Fred! . . .

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

Why, Flora, I hardly thought you cared so much for me.

FLORA.

Oh, even when I see you safe before me now, I tremble when I remember the frightful risk you ran, and think how soon you must go back !

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

Well, Flora, we must all risk something for the dear old flag, and I'm sure the women do as much as the men. If we live, we shall have a country worth living for,— and if we die, we shall not die in vain. But come, come, you must n't cry, now I've come back. Tell me about yourself. How is my darling cousin ? Not married yet, eh ?

FLORA.

No, no,— not yet.

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

By the way, who was that queer-looking fellow I met just now on your door-step ? Old Prim seemed to be showing him out, and,— would you believe it, she was actually lighting his pipe for him !! She always made fuss enough when I smoked a cigar ! Old Prim has n't picked up an admirer, has she ?

FLORA.

I don't know,— I wish she had !

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

But who is the fellow ?

FLORA.

His name is Tarbox,— he was in a Maine regiment,— never mind about him now.

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

Well, I don't think old Prim ought to inflict her seedy friends on you. A common-looking fellow ! — he might walk off with something,— ladies can't be too careful ! But come, put on your things, Flora, and let us take a walk before sunset.

[Exit FLORA.

And now I mean to try my fate. I 've loved my cousin all my life, and she received me so well — she showed so much emotion,— I almost think she cares for me after all ! By Jove, how happy I feel ! (*Drums heard outside.*) Hollo ! there 's a regiment passing ! (*Throws up the window, and cheers loudly.*) How the drum-beat carries me back ! By Jove ! what an exciting life it is, when you are in for it ! If it were not for Flora, I should feel impatient now. The sound of that drum makes me long to be off again !

S O N G .

AIR, — “Rataplan,” in *La Fille du Régiment*. *Drum accompaniment.*

Now arm, boys, arm,
Hear the bugle's alarm
With the trumpet's war-note blend !
They call us to fight
For our flag, and the right,—
And may Heaven the right defend !

Hear the roll of the drum,—
 Be ready,—they come,—
 And the bullets pour in like rain.
 But firm as a rock,
 Our men bear the shock,
 And the enemy's valour is vain.
 Then hurrah, boys, hurrah,
 For each silvery star
 That shines in the dark blue field !
 By land or by sea,
 For the flag of the free,
 We can die,—but we never can yield !

Double-quick ! Forward march !
 Charge bayonets ! *Charge !*
 See the gleam of the glittering steel !
 As we charge with the cry,
 “We will conquer or die !”
 The Rebel ranks quiver and reel !
 To the roll of the drum,
 Like a whirlwind we come,—
 And we charge them again, and again,—
 And we scatter them fast,
 As the northern blast
 Scatters leaves on the autumn plain.
 Then hurrah, boys, hurrah,
 For each silvery star
 That shines in the dark blue field !
 By land or by sea,
 For the flag of the free
 We can die,—but we never can yield !

Enter TARBOX.

Why, here 's that confounded Yankee again. I wonder what business he has here !

TARBOX.

Good day, sir. In the army, I see. (CAPT. bows stiffly.) Wounded, eh? Ticklish kinder trade, ain't it? Friend o' the family, I presume?

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

I am, sir.

TARBOX.

Then I s'pose ye know I 'm about to become one on ye?

CAPT. DASHWOOD (*aside*).

Then he *is* engaged to old Prim. (*Aloud.*) Yes, so I understood.

TARBOX.

She 's pooty, certainly,—don't ye think so?

CAPT. DASHWOOD (*aside*).

Pretty! Old Prim!! Good Heavens!!! (*Aloud.*) Beauty is a matter of taste, Tarbox.

TARBOX.

Still, come to think on 't, I hardly think she 'd do for me. I d' know as she *would*, and I d' know as she would. I 've a good mind to try a *Change of Base*, as they say in the army, and make up to the other one.

CAPT. DASHWOOD (*aside*).

The other one? Flora? What impertinence! (*Aloud.*) Sir, I beg you not to allude to my cousin in that manner.

TARBOX.

O ! I did n't know you was related. Wal, sir, she 's a sensible woman, though she *is* your cousin.

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

I have no right to interfere with Miss Prim's friends, sir, but I must request that you abstain from annoying Miss Fayaway in any manner,— or I shall be obliged to give you a lesson !

TARBOX.

Whew ! You 're pretty cocky, ain't ye ? Don't see any need of gittin' yer dander up that way.

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

Come, sir, enough of this, or I shall lose my patience !

TARBOX.

S'pose, 'cos you 've got them shoulder-straps, and call yerself a Lootenant or a Capting, you think ye 're some pun'kins, don't ye ?

CAPT. DASHWOOD (*collaring him*).

What do you mean, you miserable fool ? (Confound my arm.)

TARBOX.

Mean ? I mean I think you 're a tarnation jackanapes ! and now I 'm out o' the army, I 'll tell ye so, Capting or no Capting.

CAPT. DASHWOOD (*shaking him*).

Confound you ! Hold your tongue ! Leave the house ! and be thankful I have a wounded arm, or I would n't let you off so easily. (*Pushes him out.*)

TARBOX (*coming back*).

And as to that Miss Flory

CAPT. DASHWOOD (*furious*).

Leave the house, I say ! (*Pushes him out again.*)

TARBOX (*reappearing*).

I 've as much right in the house as you, and a darned sight more, — and —

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

Begone ! not another word ! (*Thrusts him out and slams the door.*) I shall tell Flora she really must insist on Miss Prim's receiving that man's visits somewhere else ! (*Looks at clock.*) Flora must be ready by this time, I should think ! She has been three quarters of an hour putting on her hat.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter TARBOX by other door.

TARBOX.

I jest went into the back parlour, and waited till I heerd him go out. Never see sech a peppery chap in my born days ! Hope he won't come back ! Never could git along with sech folks. 'Fraid I 'm in a fix. And this Miss Flory too,— she 's a darned sight too fine a lady for *me*. Don't

know nothin' about farmin', and says tobaccer makes her sick! I 'd ruther have the other woman, by a long chalk. Here she comes now,— guess I 'll pump her some about Miss Flory.

Enter Miss PRIM.

Marm, I want to hev a talk with you.

PRIM.

Very happy, I 'm sure, Mr. Tarbox.

TARBOX.

You see, Miss Prim, I begin to think I was barking up the wrong tree in regard to Miss Flory. In fact I ought n't 'er hev got into the scrape at all,— only Letter No. 6 in my book was what they called a "Formal Declaration,"— and of course I had to take 'em as they come,— and so I jest got myself hooked! But she 's too stuck-up for my purpose, with her airs and graces, and fallals,— I ain't used to sech.

PRIM.

You are a man of sense, I see, Mr. Tarbox.

TARBOX.

How she 'd look sweepin' raound our farm-house in one o' them long trailin' gowns! Guess 't would save brooms. And they must cost a heap, too. S'pose, now, sech a gown as that she had on would come as high as ten or eleven dollars?

PRIM.

Ten or eleven! My dear sir! in these times, it

did n't cost a cent less than a hundred! And that's *nothing* to some of her dresses. Why, I'll just show you one of her bills.

[*Gives him a bill a yard long.*

TARBOX.

I snum! Jerewsalem! What's this? (*Reads.*) "A Blackamoor, four hundred dollars"; that won't do,—that's goin' agin the Amendment of the Constitution.

PRIM.

No, no, dear Mr. Tarbox, not "Blackamoor,"—a *black moire*. It's a very expensive kind of silk.

TARBOX.

I bet. Why, you could stump the State, and run for Congress, on four hundred dollars. (*Reads.*) "A blue illusion, and trimmings,—two dollars and fifty cents." Come, that's more reasonable. .

PRIM.

No, no, not two dollars and fifty cents,—*two hundred and fifty dollars*. (And some of her rose-coloured illusions will cost her more than that!)

TARBOX.

Miss Flory must have a pretty considerable pile, hain't she?

PRIM.

Yes, but her money is settled on herself, and she spends it *all* on her clothes!

TARBOX.

Look here, Miss Prim, do *your* bills foot up like Flory's?

PRIM.

Oh! no, sir. *I* consider simplicity the truest taste!

TARBOX (*aside*).

Guess I'll decide on the Change of Base. (*Aloud*.) Now tell me truly,—is she the kind o' gal that can turn her hand to anything, and help raound a farm?

PRIM.

O Mr. Tarbox! she never did anything useful in all her life! *I* keep the house,—and take all the care, and (*Differently*) *I* was brought up on a farm.

TARBOX.

Then you're the gal for me!—if you'll have me,—will yer?—Say?

PRIM (*bridling*).

Oh! indeed, that requires some consideration, Mr. Tarbox!

TARBOX.

Wal, yer need n't if yer don't want to. It don't make no odds to me. There's Melindy Jones, down to Skowhegan,—*she*'ll have me, I reckon.

PRIM (*alarmed*).

Oh! I did n't intend,—I only meant,—are you in,—ahem, easy circumstances, Mr. Tarbox?

TARBOX.

Fust-rate. I 've got a *great* little farm down there. 'T ain't like my neighbour, who can't raise nothin' on *his* farm but a mortgage! — And I 've got kyows, pigs, chickens, a yoke of oxen, and a one-hoss chay,—*and a pung*. Tell ye, we could git along pretty slick.

PRIM.

O ! Mr. Tarbox,— you are *so* persuasive,— there 's no resisting you !

TARBOX.

All right then,— it 's a bargain. I 'll resk it, if you will,—

PRIM (*sentimentally*).

I *will*, Hezekiah !

TARBOX.

Guess I shall have a pretty hard job to make it right with Miss Flory,— but after what you told me, I would n't have her,— no, not if you 'd give me *five hundred dollars* ! Now I 'm going out, to see the Cupalo of the State House.

PRIM.

What, going ? Then your Tabitha will accompany you !

[*Exeunt PRIM and TARBOX.*

Enter FLORA in walking-dress.

I must and will be free ! I wonder whether he would release me, if I offer him half my fortune !

I might have been the happiest girl in the world, but for my own miserable folly! Fred loves me,—he has entreated me to be his wife,—and I could n't say yes!—but *I did n't say no!*

Re-enter TARBOX, PRIM following.

TARBOX.

My pipe! I must ha' left it here! (*Sees FLORA.*) Hullo, here she is now. (*To PRIM.*) You clear out, and I 'll fix her.

[*Exit PRIM, kissing her hand to him.*

Miss Flory! I 've got suthin to say to you. I 'm afraid you 'll feel kinder disappointed at first. (*Aside.*) Gosh! I hope she won't faint,—I 'll hev a glass o' water all ready to dash in her face. (*Pours out some water, and sits holding tumbler. Aloud.*) Fact is, Miss Flory, I 'm most afraid it won't do for us to hitch our horses together.

FLORA.

Horses? what horses, Mr. Tarbox?

TARBOX.

You see, Miss Flory, I was buyin' a pig

FLORA.

I told you already, that I don't understand pigs, sir!

TARBOX (*distinctly*).

I mean, that I was buyin' a pig in a poke, when I agreed to marry you without hevin' seen you. And, to tell ye the truth, now I *hev* seen ye, you ain't a mite like the kind o' gal we raise down to Skowhegan.

FLORA.

Indeed !

TARBOX.

You 're altogether too highfalutin' to suit us down there, — and, -- and, — I kind o' hate to tell ye, 'cos I know you 've been lotting on it, — but really and truly now, I guess we had better be off our bargain. D' yer feel faint ? (*Throws water at her.*)

FLORA.

Don't ! DON'T !! DON'T !!! (*Shrieks.*)

TARBOX.

Highstericks ! by jing ! Don't take on so, Miss Flory. It 's a disappointment, I know, — but you 'll git over it in time. There ! now she 's beginnin' to larf, — that 's *allers* the way in highstericks !

FLORA (*aside*).

What an escape ! I certainly never thought *he* would refuse me ! (*Aloud.*) Mr. Tarbox, I entirely agree with you, as to the expediency of "being off our bargain," and I promise you I won't die of a broken heart.

TARBOX.

Then you won't feel bad when I tell you, I cal'ate to git married to yer friend there, instead ?

FLORA.

Do you really ? Well, I *am* delighted. I think Miss Prim exactly suited to you. But, Mr. Tar-

box, one thing I must insist upon,—you must return *every one* of my letters.

TARBOX.

Can't do it.

FLORA

Can't do it? Then, sir, you must be lost to every sentiment of honour, and I shall request my cousin, Captain Dashwood, to

TARBOX.

Lord bless yer, yer don't suppose I *kept* all that rubbish, do yer? Why, I read 'em about half-way through mostly, and then I lighted my pipe with 'em!

FLORA.

A warning to girls!

Enter CAPT. DASHWOOD front, and PRIM back. TARBOX goes towards PRIM.

FLORA (*aside to CAPT. DASHWOOD*).

Dear Fred, it shall be as you wish. (*Gives him her hand. Aloud.*) Have you heard the news? Mr. Tarbox is going to marry Miss Prim.

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

Oh, I knew *that* already.

TARBOX (*aside to PRIM*).

And *she*'s goin' to take up with *him*, ain't *she*? (*Points with his thumb at CAPT. DASHWOOD.*)

PRIM (*aside to TARBOX*).

She always *was* a flirt, Hezekiah,—but *we* would n't change, would we?

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

And now, dearest Flora, if Miss Prim leaves you, you can't live alone; and you know my furlough only lasts a week, and writing letters is very unsatisfactory.

FLORA.

Yes! I 'll never write another letter as long as I live!

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

It is n't like seeing one another face to face, is it?

FLORA.

No! *indeed* it is not!

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

Then the only thing to do, is for us to be married immediately, and I can take you back with me to Fortress Monroe.

TARBOX (*to PRIM*).

And I 'll take *you* back to the State of Maine, where I 'll turn my baggonet into a prewning-hook, pretty darned quick. (*To the audience.*) And if any on ye ever come within a mile of Skowhegan, think of yer friend Tarbox,—and *stop*!

SONG.

AIR, — “A little dance to-night.”

CAPT. DASHWOOD.

We wish you a pleasant journey back
To that delightful town,
And think you 're better mowing hay,
Than mowing Rebels down.
Our country now needs all her sons,—
She 'll miss you, it is true,
But she has seven hundred thousand left,
And I think we 'll pull her through !

Then fare you well, Mr. Tarbox, Mr. Tarbox, Mr. Tarbox,
And fare you well, Mrs. Tarbox, — we Change our Base to-
morrow !

(To FLORA.)

A soldier's time is short, my love,
Forgive this hasty wooing, —
But though the knot be quickly tied,
You 'll find there 's no undoing !
And if our country need her sons,
She needs her daughters too.—
Together we 're thirty-five millions strong, —
And I think we 'll see her through !

Then fare you well, Mr. Tarbox, Mr. Tarbox, Mr. Tarbox,
And fare you well, Mrs. Tarbox, — we Change our Base to-
morrow !

DOCTOR MONDSCHEIN;

OR,

THE VIOLENT REMEDY.

CHARACTERS.



MR. BENJAMIN BACKBAY.

JULIA BACKBAY.

MRS. POST.

DR. MONDSCHEIN.

DOCTOR MONDSCHEIN.



SCENE I.

Mr. Backbay's House. — A Table with Breakfast.

MR. BACKBAY (*alone*).

HALF past nine o'clock in the morning,— and no Mrs. Backbay! A hard case, indeed, that I should always breakfast alone! I did n't foresee that, when I married Julia Spinner into a new house with all the modern improvements. Railroads, contracts, petroleum, gold mines,— all get up,— but there's no getting Julia up! This comes of the "marriage of a prominent and influential citizen, well known in financial circles, with a young and lovely ornament of our most distinguished and fashionable *haut ton*." I'm the citizen,— Julia's the ornament. I go to bed,— she goes to balls. Dancing is her passion,— my aversion; and when Julia turns out, I turn in, both in white. Ah! here she comes, dead beat after the Fagends' great blow-out.

Enter Mrs. BACKBAY (yawning).

Good morning, Mrs. Backbay.

MRS. BACKBAY.

What! — off already?

MR. BACKBAY.

Already indeed! Why, I 've shaved by gas, been to the end of Long Wharf, — bought the dinner, ate my breakfast, and read the papers.

MRS. BACKBAY.

What a *horrid* Goth! *Such* a lovely ball, Mr. Backbay! I danced *every* dance, till the music fell asleep, — so provokingly, — just as I was giving Herbert Thompson a final turn. Dear Mr. Backbay, if you would only learn to dance, — you dear old duck! Why, Mr. Jiganti's old enough to be your father, and dances in the most heavenly way, — with one foot in the grave!

MR. BACKBAY.

Pshaw! you won't catch me putting *my* foot in it.

MRS. BACKBAY (*sings*).

AIR — “Were I a bird, love.”

Had I my way, love,
Soon would I teach it thee !
State Street, and business, all
Given up should be.
Never mind your stocks and shares, —
Never mind your bulls and bears, —
Dance, — and you 'll see your cares
Waltzing away !

I, too, have trials, love,
Housekeeping's such a tease!
Furnace cracks the furniture,
Water-pipes *will* freeze.
But let a waltz begin,
Round, round I gaily spin,
Then I don't care a pin,
No, — no, not I !

MR. BACKBAY (*handing invitation cards*).

Here's more of their tomfoolery laid out for two weeks ahead !

MRS. BACKBAY.

How nice ! "Mrs. A. J. Tinker requests the pleasure," — "Mrs. T. Pike Robinson requests the pleasure," — "Mrs. Collingwood Dabchick requests," — "Mrs. Orville Rich requests," — O, with a note from my dearest Rosalba ! (*Reads.*) "Dearest Julia, I have worried mamma, and plagued papa, into having *the German* here Thursday week. Is n't it *sweet* ? And, my dear, my things are through the Custom-House, and I shall have my new Roget silk, made and trimmed *precisely* like the Empress's. *Is n't* it sweet ? Of course we depend on you. You know you *can't resist the German*. So, my dear, come, and talk it over with, yours *à jamais*, Rosie Rich. P. S. — Fred implored me to wait a month for his moustache ; but I could n't, would n't, should n't ! "

MR. BACKBAY.

(*Aside*) Who the devil's *the German* ? (*Aloud.*) My dear, Thursday week's your aunt's.

MRS. BACKBAY.

My aunt's ?

MR. BACKBAY.

Tea, at Aunt Post's, — at Newton Corner.

MRS. BACKBAY.

I 'll put it off, — I 'll say the horses are lame !

MR. BACKBAY.

Then the Needlewoman's Friend will get her money.

MRS. BACKBAY.

I 'll work her an Afghan.

MR. BACKBAY.

More likely you 'll catch a Tartar !

MRS. BACKBAY.

I would n't miss *that German*, — no, not for the world !

MR. BACKBAY.

The German again ! — I don't like it !

MRS. BACKBAY.

O Mr. Backbay ! your heart is dead to the delight of dancing. The waltz-music so deliciously blends joy and sadness, that the very soul seems to sway, and float away into Elysium ! Music, flowers, perfumes, toilets, Champagne, and *the German*, — make heaven on earth !

MR. BACKBAY.

(*Aside.*) Some d—d Count's round. (*Aloud.*) I wish, Mrs. Backbay, you did n't run this thing quite so much into the ground. It's all very well for a girl to polk a few thousand miles when she gets out of school, but in *my* humble opinion, ma'am, a full-grown female, with an adult husband, and an A 1 establishment, had better be minding *her* kitchen and *her* nursery. There's buttons enough, ma'am, off my shirts, to keep you busy till decent folks' bedtime, every night in the week !

MRS. BACKBAY.

A pretty programme, sir, for a lady ! You should have married in your own sphere !

MR. BACKBAY.

O, bosh !

MRS. BACKBAY.

You have no heart, — and no taste !

MR. BACKBAY.

Or I should n't have chosen you.

MRS. BACKBAY.

Thank you, sir ; I might have married Lieutenant Ambergris —

MR. BACKBAY.

And lived on his buttons.

MRS. BACKBAY.

Thank heaven, I have one escape from your barbarities ! and I only beg, that, while I do not interfere with your pursuits, *you* will leave *me* to follow *mine*.

MR. BACKBAY.

Follow the German, I suppose.

MRS. BACKBAY.

Yes, sir, the German, if I please.

MR. BACKBAY.

To the Devil, ma'am ?

MRS. BACKBAY.

To the Hartz Mountains, sir !

MR. BACKBAY.

The Heart's *what* ? That I call cool ! Mrs. Backbay, this thing must stop,— *it must stop*, I say,— or there'll be mischief !

MRS. BACKBAY.

What thing ?

MR. BACKBAY.

This — this — this German !

MRS. BACKBAY.

Never !

MR. BACKBAY.

Now ! Face your infatuation like a man.— Struggle with it,— wrestle with it,— break it down,— bottle it up,— cast it away !

MRS. BACKBAY.

Abandon the German? Never! I adore the German,— live for the German,— dream of the German!

MR. BACKBAY.

Julia! Madam! Such sentiments disgrace you! I am amazed at your assurance in uttering them to me. My eyes are opened, and my hair stands on end! I shall say no more at present, as it is time for me to attend a meeting, but leave you to reflect on the awful consequences of persistence in this wickedness. (*Aside.*) I must talk over this delicate matter with Aunt Post, confidentially, through an ear-trumpet. [Exit.]

MRS. BACKBAY (*alone*).

So violent! so unreasonable! so ridiculous! A scene about my harmless diversion!—my only relief from the odious, stupid, tedious life I live! I'm quite upset by it,—my head aches,—my heart beats,—my eyes are red! I shall look like a perfect fright leading a German with red eyes!—I'll send for that Homœopathic Physician who has done such wonders with Florence Fagend. You take sweet little pills, in dear little bottles, and you're all right, Florence says, and nothing the matter with you! I'll send for him this minute! [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Mrs. Post's House. — Mrs. Post seated, knitting. — Enter Mr. Backbay.

MRS. POST (*without looking*).

Peter, I should say, kill both, Peter. . . . Lor' Mr. Backbay, pray excuse me ; I thought it was Peter, about the pigs. I didn't hear you ring, though I *can* hear the Orthodox bell, when the wind's easterly, as it most always is. How is my darling Julia ? — gay as ever ?

MR. BACKBAY.

In the very vortex, ma'am, of dissipation.

MRS. POST.

I'm so glad, Benjamin, to have her expensive education come into play. To think that the little girl who fell into the duck-pond should be such an ornament to society as dear Julia is, — and such a fine dresser too. Did the pea-soup ever come out of her purple silk ?

MR. BACKBAY.

I have come to consult you on a very delicate business —

MRS. POST.

I should try benzine.

MR. BACKBAY.

— and one in which I feel the greatest perplexity how to act.

MRS. POST.

Without caution, the spot may spread, and
some object to the smell, but —

MR. BACKBAY.

— I 'm very wretched —

MRS. POST.

Try benzine !

MR. BACKBAY.

— I 'm quite overpowered —

MRS. POST.

Rub in a little musk, or ottar of rose, and you
won't perceive it, — you won't perceive it.

MR. BACKBAY.

— I wish to act with vigour —

MRS. POST.

Put in a new breadth !

MR. BACKBAY.

— but without precipitation —

MRS. POST.

Perhaps a back breadth could be managed.

MR. BACKBAY.

— and I 'll try to hide my indignation —

MRS. POST.

So you could ! Hide it under a broad velvet
trimming.

MR. BACKBAY.

— though gored to desperation !

MRS. POST.

Gored? Then there's nothing *but* benzine, for goring cuts up your stuff awfully, and leaves you no resource against such accidents as happen in the best society.

MR. BACKBAY (*very loud*).

It's worse than pea-soup, Aunt Post !

MRS. POST.

Not fish-ball ? I once had one in my lap through a whole dinner !

MR. BACKBAY.

I have been very careless, and Julia sadly imprudent, and great distress to both may be the result.

MRS. POST.

Why, Benjamin, how you frighten me ! What has happened ?

MR. BACKBAY.

You know Julia's fondness for admiration, — I fear it may have carried her too far.

MRS. POST.

Now, if it's the old story about Captain Beverly Bean, you may feel quite easy, Benjamin.

MR. BACKBAY.

No, it's not Beverly Bean. *It's a German.* Julia is madly in love with a German. Raves about him! Dreams of him! Tells me so to my face.

MRS. POST.

My niece, Julia Spinner that was, in love with a German? I'll not believe it, brought up as Julia's been,—never!—*never!*—NEVER!

MR. BACKBAY.

It's time she was brought up with a round turn. See her, and hear it for yourself. I tell you, she's desperate,—she's not herself! Come to her, dear madam. Reason with her. One effort, before I cast her off forever, and join Brigham Young.

MRS. POST.

If Julia goes off with a German, every cent of mine goes to the Sailors' Snug Harbor!

MR. BACKBAY.

Come, before my affections are forever alienated,—and my passage paid to Utah!

MRS. POST.

What do you think of Tufts College?

MR. BACKBAY.

Persuade her to renounce this German —

MRS. POST.

A needy, though meritorious institution —

MR. BACKBAY.

Or I give her up ! I won't play second fiddle to a German ! Hang the fellow !

MRS. POST.

Benjamin, I 'll come in, — I 'll come in, and ascertain from Julia herself what all this means. I am slow, I confess, to prejudge her conduct ; but if your suspicions are founded, and my appeal prove vain, I *think* it will be the Sailors, — *on* condition, however, that they give up tobacco !

MR. BACKBAY.

I trust you will be able to mend matters. If not, I wash my hands of her, and disappear at once. I could n't show my face on 'Change, or walk round the Common. I should be the talk of all the Insurance Offices and Sewing-Circles, the victim of a million carping, gibing lies, and at the mercy of every idle tongue and pen in the community !

MRS. POST.

Have you seen this object of your fears and suspicions, Mr. Backbay ?

MR. BACKBAY.

Should n't know him from an organ-grinder.

MRS. POST.

Has Julia received him at the house, Benjamin?

MR. BACKBAY.

Not she! There'd be murder! Ma'am, *murder!*

MRS. POST.

Benjamin, be calm, and I shall bear up as I can against the evidences of my niece's misconduct. Have you intercepted their correspondence, noticed flowers about, or heard singing under the windows at night?

MR. BACKBAY.

I can't say I have, — that is, distinctly, — that I can now recall.

MRS. POST (*sarcastically*).

I *have* heard of husbands supposed to devote more attention to business and billiards than to their domestic concerns, and who are so occupied with stocks, whist, horses, and male dinner-parties, that their wives are left to their own meditations.

MR. BACKBAY.

Yes, ma'am, and *I* have heard of ladies who, instead of staying at home, to run the machine, are so full of fashions and folly and flummery, of shopping and dressing, and dancing

MRS. POST.

Pray don't be at the pains of going through the list, sir. I have heard *hundreds* of men talk,

hundreds or times, about women, and they *all* talked — like fools !

MR. BACKBAY.

Upon my word, ma'am, they knew whom they were talking to !

MRS. POST.

A gallant speech, Mr. Backbay ! Now I dare say the German gentleman's manners, and opinions about ladies, are quite the reverse of yours, and if he 's in narrow circumstances, perhaps he 'd give you a few lessons, which would do you, Benjamin, a *world of good*.

MR. BACKBAY.

I doubt if he and I improve each other much when we meet, ma'am.

MRS. POST.

Well, Benjamin, you have n't met him yet ; and for a matter-of-fact man, going on to threescore, I begin to regard him as a highly poetical creation. I sha' n't alter my will till I have seen him through my own glasses, and meantime I advise *you*, Benjamin, to drop the green spectacles of a jealous husband, and leave things to me and Julia.

MR. BACKBAY.

Good bye, ma'am. You may laugh, but you 'll find me terribly in earnest !

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Mrs. Backbay's Drawing-room. — Enter Dr. Mond-schein.

DR. MONDSCHEIN (*alone*).

Schön. So ist gut. Ja. Fine haus, dieser. Rich peoples. Eats und trinks zu viel immer. Then they cry, "Doctor, ach! mine head! ach! mine heart! ach! my eye!" So ist gut. They speak ver' long, — so much I hear. I look more mournful, shake my head so grâve. "Ver' bard," I say. "You poolsàtion more als von hundert. You tongue so green as grass. You systême ganz gebroken down. Ja. Gut for nicht. So müssen sie now die small pill take in — so — und in fünfzehn minuten besser grow, und ganz wohl in *von* hour time. You pay me five dollar." Schön.

Enter MRS. BACKBAY.

Madame (*Bows*), I am flattened by your command.

MRS. BACKBAY.

Permit me, Doctor, to consult your extraordinary skill in treatment of nervous affections.

DR. MONDSCHEIN.

Madame, you are flatter still!

MRS. BACKBAY.

I suffer from violent alternations of the wildest spirits and the deepest dejection!

DR. MONDSCHEIN.

Ja, — is ver' wild spirits in my country. Black Forest full — full !

MRS. BACKBAY.

I sigh, I know not why, and weep for hours alone ; then plunge into the gayest excitement for relief. In the morning, I have a ringing in my ears, and taste a queer taste, and cannot eat any breakfast. I fear my nerves are sadly shattered !

DR. MONDSCHEIN.

Ver' bard. Permit me. (*Feels pulse.*) You pool-sàtion more als von hundert. You système ganz gebroken down. Gut for nicht. Ja. So. Müss now die small pill take in — so —

Enter MR. BACKBAY unperceived.

MR. BACKBAY (*aside*).

The German here ! in my house ! holding my wife's hand ! I'll listen, and confound them both !

MRS. BACKBAY.

O, my poor heart is fluttering so !

DR. MONDSCHEIN.

Dear madame, you must trust to me you poor heart. I shall make you so harpy, and I shall *kill* to-morrow dat böse Geist, dat evil spirit, who make you life now miserable.

MR. BACKBAY (*aside*).

Make 'way with me ! villain !

MRS. BACKBAY.

O, so soon ! — by what means ?

DR. MONDSCHEIN.

Look not so frightful, dear madame. I shall a lethal poison-bottle use, ver' mighty potentate, dat give his *quietus* very sudden, — very sure, dear madame.

MRS. BACKBAY.

I have entire faith in you, and place myself wholly in your hands.

DR. MONDSCHEIN.

Madame, I am altogether flattened by you confidence. My devotion shall to you cheek revive the lily and the rose's bloom, — the fire to you beauteous eye, — the angel music to you voice, — and you shall become once more so harpy, and laughable as ever.

MR. BACKBAY (*aside*).

When I 'm dead and gone !

MRS. BACKBAY.

I 'm all impatience ! Send me the precious bot-
tle, with your directions, which I 'll obey exactly.

DR. MONDSCHEIN.

Madame, I shall have the honour. (*Bows.*) Madame, I take my leave, till afternoon ; when, with you kind permit, I shall again wait upon you another time.

MRS. BACKBAY.

I shall expect you eagerly. Good morning ; I 'll show you the way down.

[*Exeunt* MRS. BACKBAY and DR. MONDSCHEIN.]

MR. BACKBAY (*alone*).

Was there ever such an awful concoction ! I can hear the newsboys screaming my "Horrid murder by an exiled Pole in high life ! E-lope-ment of the guilty pair, with their plunder,— three cents!" Ugh,— it makes my blood run cold ! And Julia too,— so young,— and yet as fiendishly capable of diabolical atrocities as— Lucretia Boardman ! To-morrow, I 'm to be a dead man. Meantime, I 'll look alive, and try to turn the corner. I 'll eat nothing,— I 'll drink nothing,— and I 'll sit up all night armed ! If I 'm bound to step out, and go up, I 'll sell my life dearly,— but I 'll try to sell the German first, and Julia into the bargain !

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Mrs. Backbay alone, sewing Buttons on a Shirt.

SONG,—THE MARRIED LADY'S LAMENT.

AIR, — “When the Swallows homeward fly.”

When the chairs are ranged around,
When the partners all are found,—
When the band begins to play,
And slow-coaches go away,—

When the German waits for me,
Where shall I, their leader, be ?

I must sit at home, alone,—
Sewing, yes, sewing shirt-buttons on !

When all Beacon Street is dressed
In its newest and its best,—
Flowers, diamonds, and lace,
Crinolines of heavenly grace,—

I. the envied of them all,
Shall be here,—not at the ball,—

In an old alpaca gown,
Sewing, yes, sewing shirt-buttons on !

Ah ! how different men become
When you live with them at home !
No more having your own way,
You must do just what they say,—
Here's the moral of my rhyme,—
Girls, be warned,—be warned in time !

Don't marry, and sew buttons on,—
Husbands, yes, husbands spoil all our fun !

A ring at the bell ! how it jars my poor nerves !
Ah ! Mr. Backbay ! you little imagine the an-

guish occasioned by your brutalities to your poor wife ! [MR. BACKBAY's head rises cautiously behind the sofa.]

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

The German gem'man, ma'am.

Enter DR. MONDSCHEIN.

DR. MONDSCHEIN.

Madame, I have the most high honour to wait upon you, with the potentate in the leetle bottle for the Evil Spirit.

MRS. BACKBAY.

I shall lose no time in trying its powers, and, if your word be made good, I shall forever bless you as my preserver —

MR. BACKBAY (*rushing out with a pistol*).

Give me the bottle ! Silence ! or I shoot !

MRS. BACKBAY.

Benjamin, are you mad ?

MR. BACKBAY.

Yes, I mean to plead insanity ! (*Pours contents of bottle into two tumblers with water.*)

(*To DR. MONDSCHEIN.*) Here, your Royal Highness, oblige me by tossing that off !

DR. MONDSCHEIN.

Ich verstehe nicht, donnerwetter !

MR. BACKBAY.

Down with it, man ! My health and long life, or I shoot ! (DOCTOR *drinks with wry face.*) Now be off, and die in the Public Garden ! You shall have a statue. (*Pushes him out*) Woman ! take the rest ! Drink it !

MRS. BACKBAY.

My Benjamin is mad ! (*Shrieks.*)

MR. BACKBAY.

No words ! Drink it, I say, or I 'll shoot !

[*She drinks.*

There ! now I 'm comparatively easy. I feel like taking a cold bite, and something to drink, — minus, of course, the poison.

MRS. BACKBAY.

Benjamin, if you *are* Benjamin, explain this extraordinary conduct !

MR. BACKBAY.

I 'm as Benjamin as possible, thank you, and the thing 's as clear as mud. I can convict you out of your own mouth. You confessed your love for the German this morning ; I objected, you insisted ; I opposed, you resisted ; I remonstrated, you persisted. I flew to your aunt, shouted the whole story, and (*Very loud*) she 's on her way from Newton Corner *in a carryall !* She may arrive in time,—or she may not. I came back,—found the German closeted with you,—overheard the

plot to poison me and marry each other,— took the hint, and here I am ! The Baron must begin to feel pretty badly by this time. He 'll soon keel up, like Maffeo Morey in the opera !

MRS. BACKBAY.

Mr. Backbay, this whole thing is a delusion,— an absurd series of errors ! “The German” is *not* a German, and the *other* German is not a Baron. I hope I make it perfectly clear ? If not, I will. The German I love is a harmless dance ; the other German is an equally harmless Homœopath,— and the bottle contained a harmless remedy !

MR. BACKBAY (*confounded*).

Whew ! I see. I 'm sold. I was wrong. And I frankly forgive you all. I 'll rush into the Public Garden after the German, as is a German, and beg him not to swell up, and die on my account. Have supper ready for three. [Exit.

MRS. BACKBAY.

I don't know whether to laugh or cry at this termination ! I feared my dancing days were over, and that Benjamin would be measured for a strait-jacket. (*Rings.*) If he can mollify Dr. Mondschein, all will be well. (*To servant.*) Bring in the tray with wine and refreshments.— I hear them ! What can I say ? I certainly never expected to see my husband *leading a German* !

Enter Mr. BACKBAY and the Doctor arm in arm, taking snuff.

MR. BACKBAY (*sneezing*).

(*Aside to Mrs. BACKBAY.*) The dodge is intermittent insanity. (*Aloud.*) My dear, I've confided to the Doctor the secret of my unhappy infirmity, and he pardons its extravagance. His eagle eye at once detected it. (*DOCTOR taps forehead.*) Saw that mind had succumbed to opulence, and might fly off the handle any minute! He undertakes my case, and will visit me daily, and d—n the expense.

DR. MONDSCHEIN (*bowing*).

Système quite gebroken down. Gut for nicht.

MR. BACKBAY.

Well, it *does* want winding up, and we'll all fall to, and recruit. Sit by your fair patient, Doctor, and, this time, I won't meddle with your prescriptions. (*They sit and eat and drink.*) Doctor, you sing? All Dutchmen eat and drink and sing.

DR. MONDSCHEIN.

Ja wohl. If madame permit, I shall sing of my grandfader, and der Evil Spirit.

SONG,—MARGRAVE VON BUTTERBROD.

AIR,—“ Huntsman's Chorus.” — *Der Freischütz.*

My grandfather he was Ober-Kellner
To the Margrave von Butterbrod, residing in Bavaria,
And once, when they went to hunt the wild boar,
The Margrave lost his way in the woods!

And the rain it did pour,
 And the thunder did roar,
 Such lightning, he swore,
 He had ne'er seen before,
 And by each flash he saw
 Some fifty thousand fiends or more !

Follow, hark ! the dogs bark !

Follow, hark ! It grows dark !

What a bore ! what a bore !

Says the Margrave, " Did you ever ?"
 No I never, no, I never !

Never knew such a bore, —

Horrid nasty bore, —

DER TEUFEL TAKE THE WHOLE CONCERN !

Now Lucifer was present in a twinkling,
 And knocked down my grandf'ther, and carried off the Mar-
 grave,

Bellowing like a locomotive engine,
 Never to be heard of more !

At the fiend's awful yell,

And the strong sulphur smell,

My grandfather soon

Awoke from his swoon

When a red-hot harpoon

Ran through his leather pantaloons !

Follow, hark ! See that spark !

In the dark ! Follow, hark !

What a bore ! What a bore !

Says my grandf'ther, " Did you ever ?"

No I never ! No I never !

Never knew such a bore, —

Horrid nasty bore, —

I'd better cut the whole concern !

So this job finished up the Margrave,
 But 'tis said that his skeleton rampages round a-horseback,

Yelling on the traces of the wild-boar,—
Followed by his demon crew !

And his steed madly bounds,
And away go his hounds,
And his horn wildly sounds,
As they all go their rounds,
Till the whole wood resounds

With the riot of the Spectre Hunt !

Follow, hark ! Stiff and stark !

Follow, hark ! What a lark !

What a bore ! What a bore !

Go it, Margrave ! Did you ever ?

No, I never, no, I never !

Never knew such a bore, —

Horrid nasty bore, —

And *crash* went the whole concern !

(During the last verse, MRS. POST enters, in bonnet and shawl,
and stands amazed, unseen.)

MR. BACKBAY.

Bless my soul ! And do I understand you, sir,
that all that really took place ?

DR. MONDSCHEIN.

Every wort true !

MRS. BACKBAY.

And your interesting grandfather,— does he
still live ?

DR. MONDSCHEIN.

Madame, he went up ten year ago. He is a
Ghost !

MRS. POST.

Well, I never !

MR. BACKBAY (*perceiving her*).

My dear aunt, the least said, the soonest mended. We all have our faults (except myself), and "all the clouds that lowered upon our house" have happily ended in Moonshine !

S O N G .

AIR, — "Trab, trab."

MRS. BACKBAY (*to the ladies*).

And if your nerves are shattered
 As mine are, I, declare !
 Don't hurry off to Europe
 To see physicians there,
 But try *my* doctor's skill ;
 He 'll cure you, — yes he will, —
 Just send for Dr. Mondschein, (he lives at Chestnut Hill,)
 Yes, send for Dr. Mondschein, and take his little pill.

AUNT POST.

Young girls, who dance till morning,
 I, too, was young and gay ;
 But ah ! by me take warning, —
 In one night I 've turned grey.
 Hair black as raven's quill,
 Now white as my cap-frill, —
 I 'll have this Dr. Mondschein, (he may restore me still,)
 I 'll send for Dr. Mondschein, and take his little pill.

DR. MONDSCHEIN (*to the gentlemen*).

And if to pay you taxes
 You have to work ver' hard,
 Or if you speculations
 Should all turn out ver' bard ;

If all dat make you ill,
Trust not to lesser skill,—
But send for Dr. Mondschein, (*der Allopath would kill,*)
Ja, send for Dr. Mondschein, and take my leetle pill !

TOGETHER.

So, now our play is ended,
We hope you're satisfied,—
The critics now before us
That question must decide !
And if you're ever ill,
Just send to Chestnut Hill,—
Yes, send for Dr. Mondschein, (don't mind his little bill,)
Yes, send for Dr. Mondschein,— and take his LIT-TLE PILL !

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